



June 2006 Rs. 15/-

CHANDAMAMA

THE ADVENTURES
OF KING
VINAYADITYA

(Page 20)



India's Biggest Talent Hunt For Kids

Mere saath
movie mein
acting karoge?



Hungama TV presents **Oral-B 'John Aur Kaun'**, the first-of-its-kind Talent Hunt, where one boy and one girl, between 7 and 14 years of age, will star with **John Abraham** in a **Hindi movie**; win **Rs. 5 lakhs each** and a **3-year contract** with **UTV** to manage their careers!*

***Conditions apply.**

Feel like a star already? Just take a pen and paper and make your own entry form with the details below:
(in block letters)

We have read, understood and agree to abide by all the Rules & Regulations# of the contest as amended from time to time.

Participant's signature Parent / Guardian's signature

Log on to johnaurkaun.indiatimes.com

Please send this form with 2 recent 4in. x 6in. colour photographs (one close-up of the face and one full length) and a processing fee of Rs. 500/- by way of a Demand Draft/Bankers Cheque payable at Mumbai drawn in favour of '**UTV HUNGAMA A/c, OBC, Bandra branch**' to the following address: "**John Aur Kaun, Post Bag No. 102, Azad Nagar Post Office, Mumbai – 400053**".

You could also collect an entry form from the nearest Planet M, Inox Multiplex or log on to johnaurkaun.indiatimes.com to download the form. You could also call (022) -26330505 or 1234 (for Reliance mobile subscribers) for the form details.

To know more keep watching Hungama TV.

The logo for UTV Motion Pictures, featuring the letters 'UTV' in a bold, black, sans-serif font. Above the 'U', there are three horizontal bars of increasing height from left to right, colored red, green, and blue respectively. Below 'UTV', the words 'MOTION PICTURES' are written in a smaller, all-caps, black, sans-serif font.

Co-Presenting Sponsors:



Prize Sponsor:



Beverage Sponsor



Telecom Partner:



Associate Sponsors:



New Partner



Powered by

indiatimes.com

SARVA LAKSHANA PATTU POTHYS SAMUDRIKA PATTU

Perfection in both form and feature - a Hallmark of true Kanchipuram silk



sarva lakshana pattu

Strength : 5 silk thread weave

Long life : Extra weight silk

Purity : Genuine Silver Zari

Soft & Smooth : Finest warp and Filature weft

Uniqueness : Authentic Kanchipuram weave

The lakshana pattu which
you richly deserve



POTHYS

Usman Road, Panagal Park, T. Nagar, Chennai - 17. Ph: 2431 0901

Aalayam of Silks



VOL. 37

JUNE 2006

NO. 6



7
The Atheiest's Prayer
(Vikram and Vetal)



20
The Adventures of Vinayaditya
(A page from Indian history)



23
In Search of the Valley of Death
(A folktale from Nagaland)



28
Akbar finds Birbal
(Humorous Story)



44
Glimpses of Devi Bhagavatam
(Mythology)

CONTENTS

- ★ Mail Bag 06
- ★ A Unique Phenomenon 13
- ★ Science Fair 14
- ★ Friends Turned Foes 16
- (A Jataka tale) 16
- ★ A Shrewd Merchant 26
- Newsflash 32
- ★ Kaleidoscope 33
- ★ Puzzle Dazzle 37
- ★ The Prophecy 38
- (From the Arabian Nights) 38
- ★ Magna Carta 46
- (It happened in June) 46
- ★ A Wonder Medicine 48
- Laugh Till You Drop 50
- ★ He Dared into the Unknown 51
- (Adventure & exploration) 51
- ★ The Great Sculptor and his early critics 54
- (Anecdotes from the Lives of the Great) 54
- ★ The Haunted House 56
- ★ Garuda (Comics) 59
- ★ Chandamama Quiz 63
- ★ When the First Shot Was Fired 64
- ★ Photo Caption Contest 66

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION : English Rs. 180/-

Other languages Rs.150/- Send D.D. (payable at Chennai) or money order in favour of **Chandamama India Ltd.** with the name and address of the person you are gifting it to, and the language edition subscribed for.

Add Rs.90/- on outstation cheques.

Subscriptions by air mail to all countries other than India Rs. 1,200/-

For USA & Canada 12 issues by air mail English \$ 30

Other languages \$ 20 Remittances payable at Chennai in favour of **CHANDAMAMA INDIA LIMITED**

No.82 Defence Officers' Colony, Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097.

Phone : 2231 3637 / 2234 7399 E-mail : chandamama@vsnl.com

FOR BOOKING SPACE

IN THIS MAGAZINE PLEASE CONTACT:

CHENNAI : SHIVAJI

Ph: 044-2231 3637 / 2234 7399

Mobile : 98412-77347

email : advertisements@chandamama.org

DELHI : OBEROI MEDIA SERVICES

Telefax (011) 22424184

Mobile : 98100-72961, email :

oberoi@chandamama.com

© The stories, articles and designs contained in this issue are the exclusive property of the Publishers.

Copying or adapting them in any manner/medium will be dealt with according to law.



A SUN-LIKE ATTITUDE

The holidays are nearly over. You recall how you spent the six carefree weeks, without having to march in and march out of your classroom. Did you, as you blankly looked out through the window, have a weak moment when you were overtaken by a desire to get out of all the regimentation of a life at school?

The next moment, some bright pictures also came to your mind when you were complimented by your teacher on your performance in class or at the examination, when the cheers from your classmates almost deafened your ears as you made a score in the game you were playing, when your close friends crowded around you telling you how they wished to emulate you, or when you joined them in discussing the plans for the next day and the next.

You hasten to shake off all doubts in your mind and summon some positive thoughts about another eventful year in school and not merely going through the mechanical routine of listening to lectures, writing down notes, reading text-books, attending to home work and facing tests, tests, and more tests. At the same time, you go about expecting something interesting to happen.

All this can be summed up in one word - ATTITUDE. You must cultivate an attitude to learn something more than what you acquired last year, to improve your character, to bring out your inherent talents to serve your family, society, community and your country.

Swami Ram Thirtha (1870-1906) was a mystic, and more than that a patriot. He exhorts everybody to cultivate "a sun-like attitude—of a fearless, continuous giver, serving without hoping for a reward, shedding light and life out of free love, living in divine radiance as God's glory, above all, a sense of personality, exempt from selfishness...."

What a great thought for you for the new academic year!

The real struggle is not between East and West, or capitalism and communism, but between education and propaganda.

- Martin Buber

Be good, and you will be lonesome. Get your facts first, and then you can distort them as much as you please. - Mark Twain

Conduct is three-fourths of our life and its largest concern.

- Mathew Arnold



**By e-mail from Susmit Chakraborty,
Dhubri, Assam :**

Chandamama is my favourite magazine. I love every feature. Please publish the Story-Painting Contest details again for the sake of those who missed them earlier.

**Reader Bhoga Arun Pandhari,
Latur, writes :**

I am a Maharashtrian youth. I have four younger brothers and sister. They always ask for good story-books. I did not know of any till I saw *Chandamama* in April. The magazine has good reading material. Most of the stories are good. I like Science Fair. For quite sometime, I thought you had stopped publishing your magazine.

**Well-wisher N. Anand Rao
of New Delhi writes :**

Chandamama continues to be the best buy for any Indian child interested in Hindu mythology. Your magazine caters to all school-going children of all levels. I am glad to see that developments in science are given some importance. How about a page on computers?

Also articles on subjects like disaster management, tips for preparing for exams, behaviour in society and at home, career counselling and management? On going through the Kannada edition, I was curious to know which edition comes first. I found the Kannada issue carrying items found in the English edition.

MAIL BAG



**This from Priyanka Lakra (12) of
Sambalpur, Orissa :**

I am a new reader of *Chandamama*. First I thought it must be boring. The magazine came to my eyes many times, but I ignored it. One day, Mummy asked me to read this magazine, and I found it very interesting. It has every section—jokes, poems, thoughts, stories, riddles, science, etc. It also gives a chance to express our views. It gives moral and knowledge, with entertainment. I read the mail from children and I thought they are all right. I wish the magazine would go all over the world.

By e-mail from Aishwarya :

I daily read *Chandamama*. I am also a member of your site. The story 'Who is not blind?' is really nice. I am really moved by reading such stories.

**NEW TALES
OF KING
VIKRAM AND
THE VETALA**

THE ATHEIST'S PRAYER

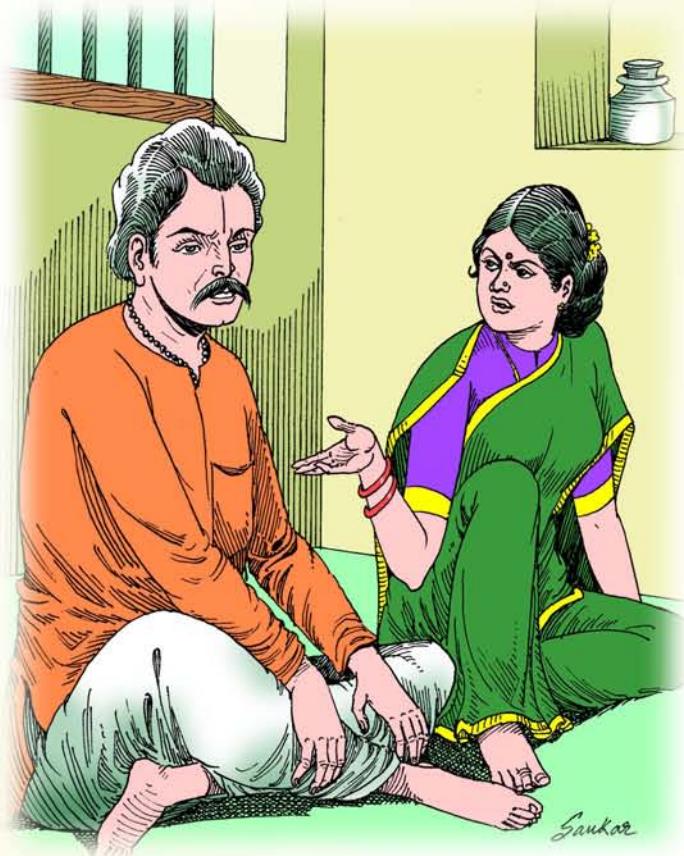
The cremation ground presented an eerie spectacle on that dark night. The moon was hidden behind the clouds, and it was drizzling intermittently. The pitch darkness was relieved only by occasional flashes of lightning that lit up the sombre scene, causing an eerie dance of jerky shadows in the cremation ground.

Occasionally, a jackal's spine-chilling howl or the blood-curdling laughter of some invisible evil spirit cut into the silence that hung like a shroud over the area. Altogether, it was a scene that would strike terror into the bravest heart. But nothing could daunt the intrepid King Vikram. Once again, he made his way to the gnarled tree from which the ancient corpse was hanging. Bones crunched under his feet, and a screeching ghost rose from the dust in shuddering frenzy as he marched determinedly ahead.

Oblivious to everything but the mission on hand, he brought the hanging corpse down by cutting the rope with his sword. Slinging it astride his shoulder, he had just begun his return journey when the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, you have been toiling on this mission for long. Perhaps you intend to propitiate the gods through this bizarre task. But I must tell you that the gods are not always kind to their devotees. Often a devout, generous person is subjected to great hardship and penury, while a miser, with no faith whatever in god, is seen to prosper by leaps and bounds! This is what happened in the case of Dhanapal and his son, Sivapal. Listen to their story and judge for yourself."

The vampire then went on to narrate the following story:

Dhanapal of Bhagyapur was the descendant of an aristocratic family. His family consisted of his wife Sumati and three sons – Shripal, Gunapal and Gopal. Dhanapal was a very pious man, who gave liberal donations to



Sankar

temples and spent lavishly on charity. Sumati shared her husband's devotion, but she was not very happy about his over generous nature. She would often remind him, "As a father, it is your duty to bequeath your ancestral wealth to your sons instead of squandering it all away on charity."

But Dhanapal countered this by saying, "Material wealth is transient, and so is the joy it brings. Only worship and charity can bring one lasting peace and happiness!"

Exasperated, Sumati would retort, "You won't realise the worth of money as long as you have it in your possession. Mark my words, a day will come when we're penniless and destitute. Neither your piety nor your charity will come to our rescue then!"

The sons were divided in their views. While Gunapal and Gopal adhered to their father's way of thinking, the eldest, Shripal, supported his mother. He was miserly by nature, and disliked spending a single coin more than was necessary.

As time passed, Dhanapal's constant spending on charity eroded his finances. Bit by bit, he started selling off his lands until he had only twenty acres of farmland

left. At this stage, Sumati intervened and firmly said, "Our sons have grown up into young men. You must partition the property and give each his fair share. Then, you may do whatever you want with your share, and no one shall stop you."

Dhanapal found that he could not gainsay her any more. He had the farmland divided into four equal parts. Then, he called his sons and said, "As you know, twenty acres of land is all that is left of my property. I'm now dividing it into four parts of five acres each – one for each of you, and one part for your mother and myself. If you're in agreement with my views on spending, you may stay on with me; if not, you can take your share and go your own way. The choice is yours."

The younger sons opted to stay with their parents. However, the eldest, Shripal, informed his father that he wished to leave the family fold. He soon built himself a house on his portion of the land and moved into it. As agriculture did not interest him, he sold off a part of his land and invested the money so obtained in a small business. His business prospered by leaps and bounds, and soon he was one of the richest men in the town. However, unlike his father he never donated to any cause.

A few more years passed. Even as Shripal's star continued to be on the ascendant, his father's fortunes were plummeting. Gradually, every bit of the remaining 15 acres of land was sold away, and Dhanapal found himself leading a hand-to-mouth existence. When he could not endure his family's misery any more, he requested a few friends to help him out. But no one obliged. It was then that he realised the truth of his wife's warnings.

With no other alternative in sight, Dhanapal led his wife and sons to his eldest son Shripal's house. Shripal gave them a most cordial welcome. Dhanapal told him "I'm very happy to see your prosperity, my son! Unfortunately, I wasn't blessed with your foresight, and that's why I'm in this plight today. I have a request. Please lend me some money, so that your younger brothers and I can start some kind of business. As soon as it picks up, we shall repay your loan."

Respectfully but firmly, Shripal replied, "Father, you're talking like this because you have no money at

present. But I'm sure that the moment some cash comes into your hands, you will go back to your old ways of spending generously. I've a proposal for you. None of you need toil or suffer any more. You can all live here, in my house, and I shall see to your every comfort. But there is one condition. As long as you're living with me, you mustn't spend a single *paisa* on temples, worship or charity."

Dhanapal was inwardly shocked to hear this. But he retained his cool and answered, "I'm sorry, my son; but as long as I'm alive, I cannot give up the service of god." He then left the house with his family.

Back in his dilapidated ancestral house, Dhanapal was torn by conflicting emotions. On one hand, he felt proud of his son for having treated him with all due respect and love, despite the fact that their views differed so drastically; on the other, he was deeply grieved that Shripal was unwilling to help his family although he was so wealthy. The constant brooding told on Dhanapal's health and soon, he took ill. As days passed, his condition worsened.

During this time, a saint named Angad reached the town. A devotee of Lord Rama, he gave many discourses extolling the Lord's greatness. People believed that any house the saint entered would be blessed with prosperity. Hearing of his arrival, Dhanapal's younger sons approached him and requested him to visit their house and bless their ailing father, so that he would be cured.

He agreed, and they led him to their father's bedside. The saint told the ailing man, "Instead of propitiating Rama, you have offended him by your actions. That is the reason for your illness."

Dhanapal looked at him plaintively and said, "Swamiji! I realise that I shouldn't have visited my atheist son, but circumstances compelled me to do so. Moreover, as his father I have to take some responsibility for his godless deeds. Tell me, how can I make amends?"

Angad said sternly, "Your sin was that you squandered away your son's property instead of passing it on to them. It was your irresponsible behaviour that transformed your eldest son into an atheist and miser. Don't you understand?"

At this point, the second son Gunapal interjected, "Swamiji! My father donated to worthy causes and did



only good deeds all his life; yet, we're suffering in penury. But my elder brother, who denies God, is living in great luxury! Isn't it unfair?"

Patting Gunapal affectionately on the back, Angad answered, "Although a non-believer, your brother did not commit any sin as such. He may be a miser, but neither did he spend on unworthy causes. That is the reason for his prosperity."

Sumati pleaded with the saint, "Swamiji, we shall follow your orders. Please tell us a way to cure my husband of his illness."

Angad said, "A medicine made from powdered diamonds is needed to cure him. But it will cost more than a lakh of rupees."

Over a lakh! Sumati and her sons stood stupefied. From where could they, who barely had enough to eat, get so much money?

Sensing their dilemma, Angad said, "If you can't afford it, there's another way out. He will be cured if someone spends a whole night in the temple, praying wholeheartedly for his welfare. It could be you, or anyone who knows him."

The sons were happy. The same night, they visited the temple and sat there till dawn, immersed in prayer. But Dhanapal's condition remained unchanged. The next night, it was his wife's turn to pray. On subsequent nights, his friends and well-wishers took up the ritual. But all their prayers were fruitless. If anything, the invalid's condition worsened.

Finally, one day Shripal met Angad and said, "I have great love and respect for my father. I'm ready to spend whatever is necessary to cure him. Please take the required amount from me and prepare the medicine."

Angad smiled and said, "Being a miser, you would be giving the money not wholeheartedly, but grudgingly. Hence, the medicine won't be effective. If you really want your father cured, go to the temple and spend the night praying for his recovery. That's the only remedy."

Shripal agreed. But when he reached the temple that night, the trustees refused him entry on the grounds that he was a non-believer. They then left after locking the temple doors for the night.

Anguished, Shripal stood outside and called, "O Rama! If it is true that you gave up your kingdom to obey your father's order, then let me in so that I may pray for my father's recovery!"

Lo and behold! The doors miraculously swung open. Shripal went inside and began praying before the idol.

Now, another miracle took place. Suddenly, Dhanapal got up from his sick-bed, hale and hearty, before the astonished eyes of his family! Joyously, he and the

others ran to the temple where they were reunited with Shripal.

Concluding the story at this point, the vampire demanded, "O King, isn't it strange that while the devout and generous Dhanapal had to suffer, his niggardly atheist son prospered? Further, Dhanapal did not recover when his pious wife and sons prayed, but only when the atheist son prayed for him! Don't these contradictions go to prove that there is no point in worshipping God at all? If you know the answer, speak out – otherwise, your head would shatter into smithereens!"

King Vikram calmly answered, "As pointed out by Angad, Dhanapal suffered because he spent his sons' share of wealth on charity. As to why the prayers of his wife and younger sons could not cure him, it was because their faith had been eroded by the privations they had witnessed. As for his so-called friends and well-wishers, it's clear that they were not really interested in his welfare, and were merely going through the motions of the ritual. If they had been real friends, they would have helped him in his time of distress. So, their prayers also did not take effect. Shripal, on the other hand, prayed with a pure heart; so, his prayer was answered."

On hearing this, the vampire nodded in approval, before going off into peal after peal of thunderous laughter. The next moment he, along with the corpse, moved off the king's shoulder with a jerk and flew back to the tree. King Vikram gave a little sigh as he gazed upon the scene. Then, he squared his shoulders and retraced his steps towards the tree.





From the
pen of
**RUSKIN
BOND**

GHOSTS ON THE VERANDAH

Anil's mother's memory was stored with an incredible amount of folklore, and she would sometimes astonish us with her stories of spirits and mischievous ghosts.

One evening, when Anil's father was out of town, and Kamal and I had been invited to stay the night at Anil's upper-storey flat in the bazaar, his mother began to tell us about the various types of ghosts she had known. Just then, Mulia, the servant, having taken a bath, came out to the verandah, with her hair loose.

'My girl, you ought not to leave your hair loose like that,' said Anil's mother. 'It is better to tie a knot in it.'

'But I haven't oiled it yet,' said Mulia.

'Never mind, but you should not leave your hair loose towards sunset. There are spirits called jinns who are attracted by long hair and pretty black eyes like yours. They may be tempted to carry you away!'

'How dreadful!' exclaimed Mulia, hurriedly tying a knot in her hair, and going indoors to be on the safe side.

Kamal, Anil and I sat on a string cot, facing Anil's mother, who sat on another cot. She was not much older than thirty-two, and had often been mistaken for Anil's elder sister; she came from a village near Mathura, a part of the country famous for its gods, spirits and demons.

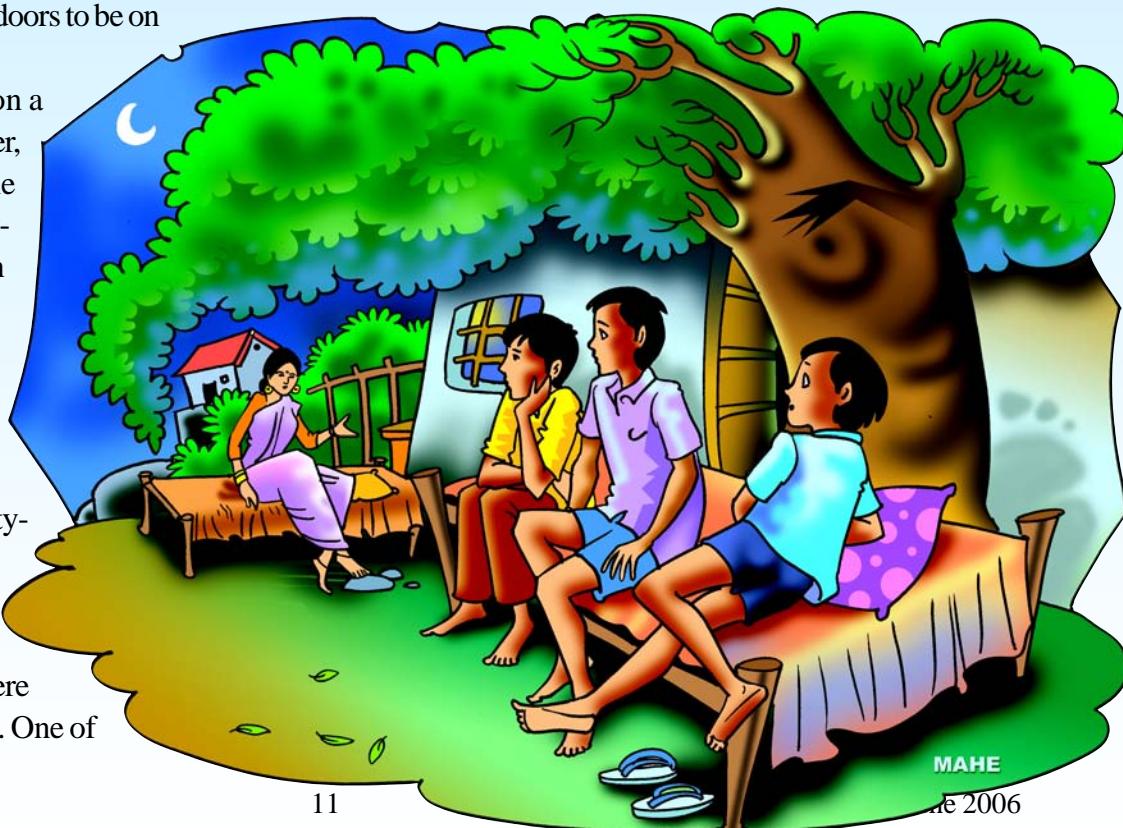
'Can you see jinns, aunty-jiji?' I asked.

'Sometimes,' she said. 'There was an Urdu teacher in Mathura, whose pupils were about the same age as yours. One of

the boys was very good at his lessons. One day, while he sat at his desk in a corner of the classroom, the teacher asked him to fetch a book from the cupboard which stood at the far end of the room. The boy, who felt lazy that morning, didn't move from his seat. He merely stretched out his hand, took the book from the cupboard, and handed it to the teacher. Everyone was astonished, because the boy's arm had stretched about four yards before touching the book! They realized that he was a jinn. It was the reason for his being so good at games and exercises which required great agility.'

'Well, I wish I were a jinn,' said Anil. 'Especially for volleyball matches.'

Anil's mother then told us about the munjia, a mischievous ghost who lives in solitary peepal trees. When a munjia is annoyed, he rushes out from his tree and upturns tongas, bullock-carts and cycles. Even a bus is known to have been upturned by a munjia.



'If you are passing beneath a peepal tree at night,' warned Anil's mother, 'be careful not to yawn without covering your mouth or snapping your fingers in front of it. If you don't remember to do that, the munjia will jump down your throat and completely ruin your digestion!'

In an attempt to change the subject, Kamal mentioned that a friend of his had found a snake in his bed one morning.

'Did he kill it?' asked Anil's mother anxiously.

'No, it slipped away,' said Kamal.

'Good,' she said. 'It's lucky if you see a snake early in the morning.'

'But what if the snake bites you?' I asked.

'It won't bite you if you let it alone,' she said.

By eleven o'clock, after we had finished our dinner and heard a few more ghost stories—including one about Anil's grandmother, whose spirit paid a visit to the family—Kamal and I were most reluctant to leave the company on the verandah and retire to the room which had been set apart for us. It did not make us feel any better to be told by Anil's mother that we should recite certain magical verses to keep away the more mischievous spirits. We tried one, which went—

Bhoot, pret, pisach, dana

Choo mantar, sab nikal jana,

Mano, mano, Shiv ka kahna
which, roughly translated, means—

Ghosts, spirits, goblins, sprites,
Away you fly, don't come tonight,
Or with great Shiva you'll have to fight!

Shiva, the Destroyer, as you know, is one of the three major Hindu gods.

But the more we repeated the verse, the more uneasy we became, and when I got into bed (after carefully examining it for snakes), I couldn't lie still, but kept twisting and turning and looking at the walls for moving shadows. Kamal attempted to raise our spirits by singing softly, but this only made the atmosphere more eerie. After a while we heard someone knocking at the door, and the voices of Anil and the servant girl, Mulia. Getting up and opening the door, I found them looking pale and anxious. They, too, had succeeded in frightening themselves as a result of Anil's mother's stories.

'Are you all right?' asked Anil. 'Wouldn't you like to sleep in our part of the house? It might be safer. Mulia will help us to carry the beds across!'

'We're all right,' protested Kamal and I, refusing to admit we were nervous, but we were hustled along

to the other side of the flat as though a band of ghosts was conspiring against us. Anil's mother had been absent during all this activity, but suddenly we heard her screaming from the direction of the room we had just left.

'Laurie and Kamal have disappeared!' she cried. 'Their beds have gone, too!'

And then, when she came out to the verandah and saw us dashing about in our pyjamas, she gave another scream and collapsed on a cot.

After that, we never went to Anil's mother to listen to her ghost stories at night lest we scared her!



FLOWERS THAT GENERATE FEAR

Last month you read about Kurinji, a flower that blooms once in twelve years. The year 2006 has seen the kurinji all over the Palani hills in South India. The year also witnesses the flowering of the bamboo, believed to bloom once in a hundred years. The bamboo has blossomed in States in the north-east, like Mizoram, Manipur, Tripura and Assam.

The bamboo actually belongs to the grass family. The thick, hollow stem continues to grow tall for more than 60 years and then it is time for the flowers to appear. Nearly 20 different kinds are seen growing in India. They grow in clusters and each kind blossoms almost simultaneously. The flowers are either a yellow, mauve or crimson in colour.

Soon after the flowers bloom, the stems are generally weakened and the plants soon die off. The flowering, drying and gradual degradation of the bamboo is considered an ecological event. After flowering, seeding starts. And after seeding, the clumps are toppled down.

The seedlings start regeneration with the onset of monsoon. The new seedlings take some six years to mature and the new bamboo crop will be ready in the next eight to ten years, with a life cycle of 50 to 60 years.

Why are the bamboo flowers dreaded? When whole clusters of bamboo start flowering at one and the same time, large quantities of seeds are produced. The bamboo seeds are a favourite item of food for rodents. When there is a short supply of seeds, the rats move to plunder cultivated farms and granaries, resulting in scarcity and famine conditions. The general belief is that the bamboo flowers are a cause of famines!



The Central Government has this year taken measures in respect of harvesting of bamboo, regeneration of the areas where bamboos grow, and rodent control.

Some botanists believe that occurrence of famine was only a coincidence!

SCIENCE FAIR



- By Rosscone
Krishna Pillai



JUNE-BORN: C.N.R.RAO

The first recipient of the India Science Award 2004, instituted by the Government of India, Dr. Chintamani Nagesa Ramachandra Rao was born on June 30, 1934 in a middle class family of Bangalore. He is one of the world's most outstanding solid-state chemists and materials scientists.

C.N.R.Rao took his B.Sc. degree from Mysore University in 1951 when he was only 17, and M.Sc. from Banaras Hindu University two years later. He took Ph.D. from Purdue University in the U.S.A. in 1958. For a year, he did post-doctoral work at the University of California, Berkeley, and undertook research for two years at the University of Mysore, to secure the D.Sc. degree.

As a result of unflinching and painstaking pursuit of extensive scientific investigations, C.N.R.Rao could make internationally-acclaimed contributions to such frontier areas as solid-state chemistry, semiconductors, application of spectroscopic methods for studying molecular structure and chemistry of various types of superconductors. He was one of the earliest to synthesize certain oxide materials which have shown great promise in areas such as high-temperature superconductivity.

Dr.Rao has contributed more than 1,200 research papers in several top-ranking international scientific journals. He has written more than 37 books on several aspects of superconductivity and chemistry of oxide superconductors and other advanced materials.

After serving the Indian Institute of Science for a decade as its Director, he was from 1995 Albert Einstein Research Professor of the Indian National Science Academy (INSA). Dr. Rao is now the Linus Pauling Research Professor and Honorary President of the Jawaharlal Nehru Centre for Advanced Scientific Research in Bangalore. He is also the Chairman of the Scientific Advisory Council to the Prime Minister of India.

He is a Fellow of more than twenty science academies, including the famous Royal Society, London, the US National Academy of Sciences, Russian Academy of Sciences, Royal Institute of Chemistry, the Third World Academy of Sciences and INSA.

Accolades, academic distinctions, honours and awards galore came to Dr. Rao from within India and all over the world. He got the Bhatnagar Prize in 1968, the C.V.Raman Award and P.C.Ray Medal in 1975, S.N.Bose Medal from INSA in 1980, Jawaharlal Nehru Award in 1988, Meghnad Saha Medal in 1990, the Third World Academy of Science Medal in 1995, and the Indian Science Congress Shatabdi Puraskar in 1999. The UNESCO awarded him the Albert Einstein Gold Medal in 1996 and the Royal Society, London, honoured him with the Hughes Medal in 2000. He received 37 honorary doctorates from leading universities in India and abroad.

The President of India gave him the award of Padma Vibhushan in 1985 and the French President conferred on him the nation's highest civilian title *Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur* (Knight of the Legion of Honour) in 2005.

SUPERCONDUCTIVITY

Semiconductors and superconductors form part of the study of solid state physics and chemistry dealing with the structure, behaviour and all properties of matter in the solid state. A semiconductor is a solid material which, at room temperatures, has an electric conducting property midway between that of a good conductor with little resistance (like copper) and that of an insulator with enormous resistance (like glass, wood and most solid nonmetals). Silicon, a crystalline, brittle, nonmetallic element, in its purest form, is a good semiconductor. At very high temperatures, a semiconductor conducts electric current like a metal and at low temperatures, with increased resistance to electricity, in pure form, it acts as an insulator.



Researchers are working to improve the properties of semiconductors like silicon and germanium and to produce and perfect newer and newer materials as better semiconductors, such as alloys like gallium arsenide, which can convert electricity directly into light. Investigations to find semiconductors which will conduct electricity at room temperatures have led to the discovery of a very large number of what are called "superconductors" and the phenomenon of "superconductivity". In a superconducting circuit, current will continue to flow even after the source of current has been shut off, whereas a voltage has to be applied for a current to flow through a normal metal.

It is in the field of superconductivity that Dr. C.N.R.Rao has made his most outstanding contributions and won laurels from everywhere.

QUOTATIONS

"In questions of science, the authority of a thousand is not worth the humble reasoning of a single individual."
-Galileo



"The main purpose of science is to understand Nature in all her varied aspects, and learn to control Nature and to use this mastery over Nature for the good of mankind."

- Dr. K. S. Krishnan



"The theoretical physicists have all got their tails up, and it is up to us, the experimenters, to pull them down by their tails."

-Lord Rutherford, in a lighter vein,
as quoted by Dr. K.S. Krishnan

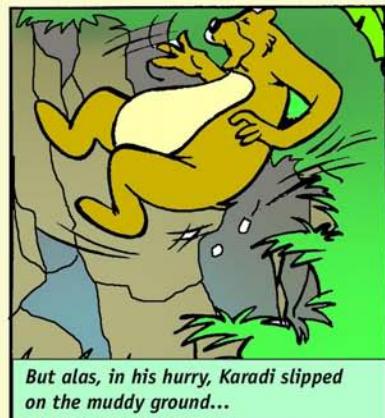
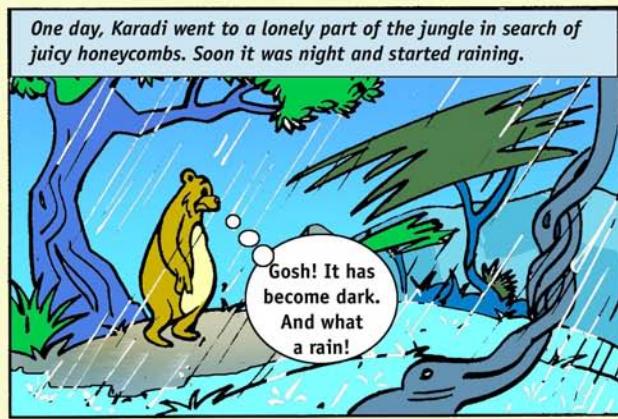
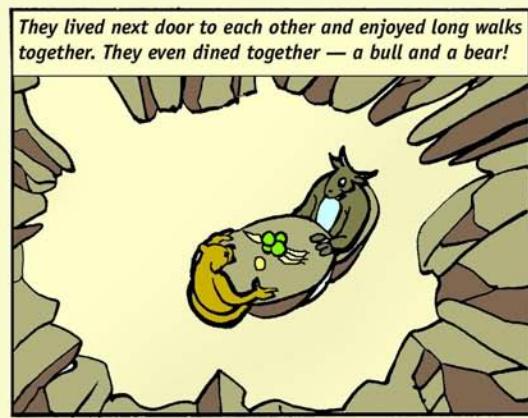
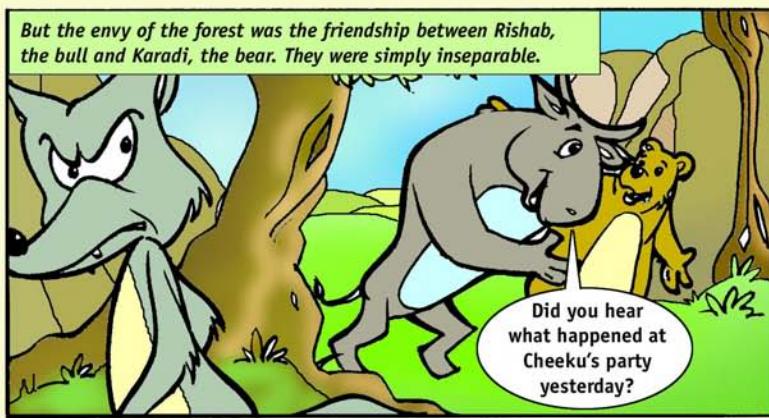
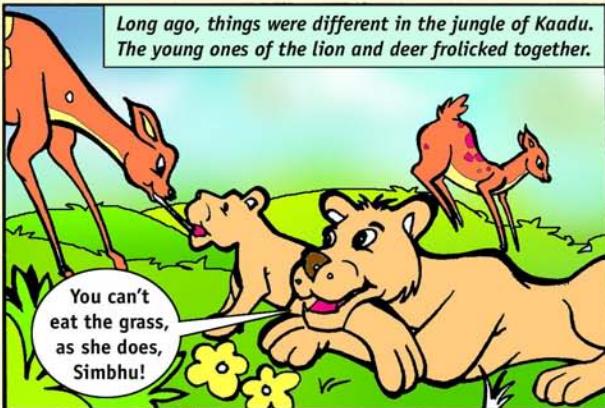
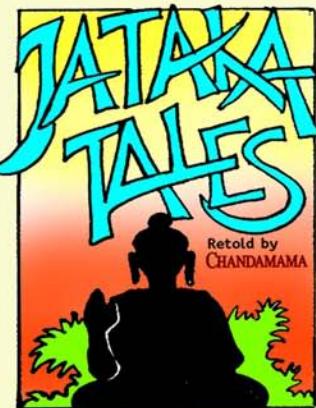
SCIENCE QUIZ

- How many litres of blood does an adult human body contain?
a. 6 1/2; b. about 2; c. more than 5; d. 10.
- Haemoglobin has a greater affinity towards
a. nitrous oxide; b. carbon monoxide; c. carbon dioxide; d. ether
- Which vitamin is produced by the human skin in the presence of sunlight?
a. vitamin K; b. vitamin A; c. vitamin D;
d. vitamin E
- What is the estimated temperature of the earth's core?
a. 3700 degrees C; b. 1800 degrees C; c. 10000 degrees C; d. 5000 degrees C

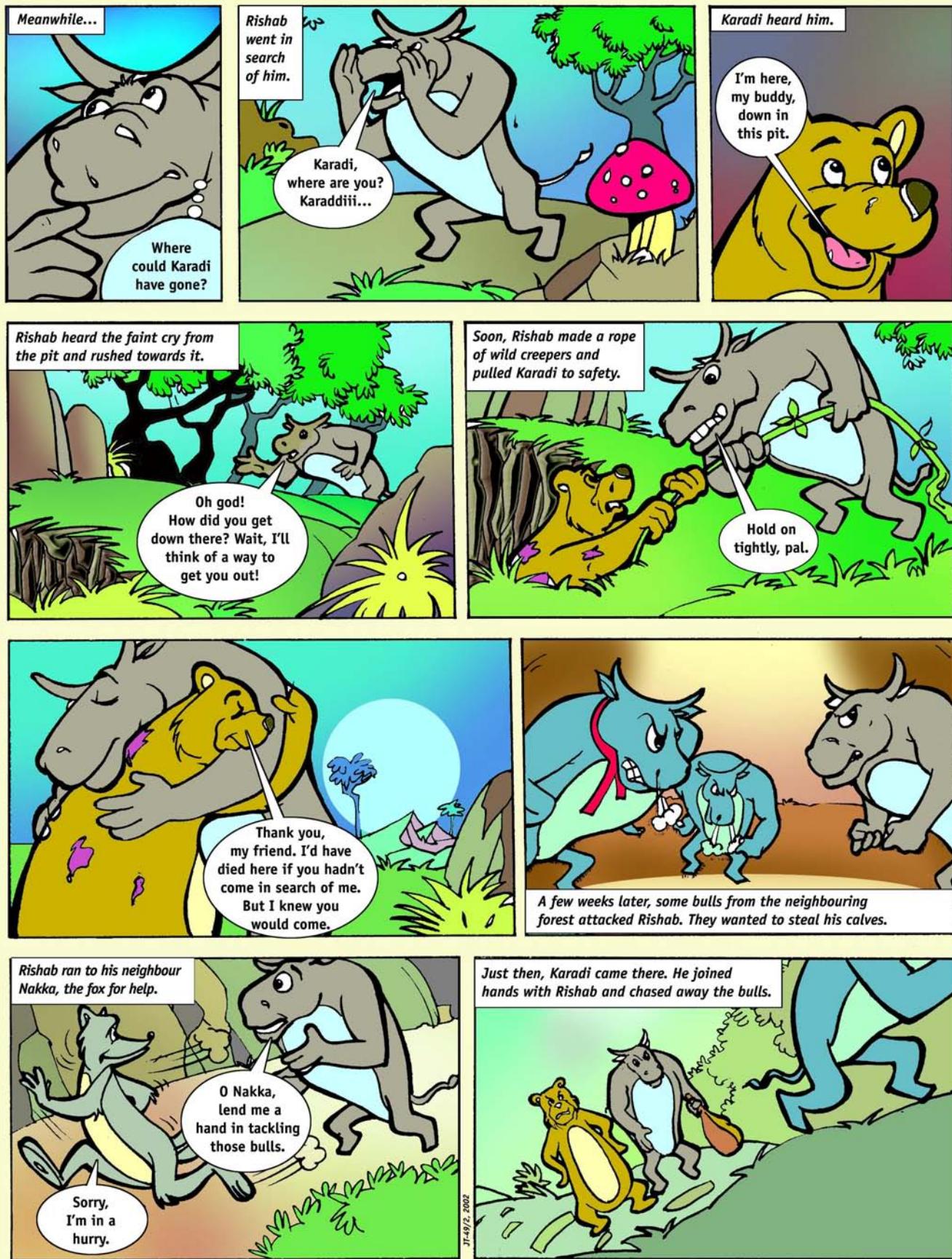


monoxide, 3. c. vitamin D, 4. d. 3,700 degrees C.
Answer: 1. c. more than 5 litres of blood, 2. b. carbon

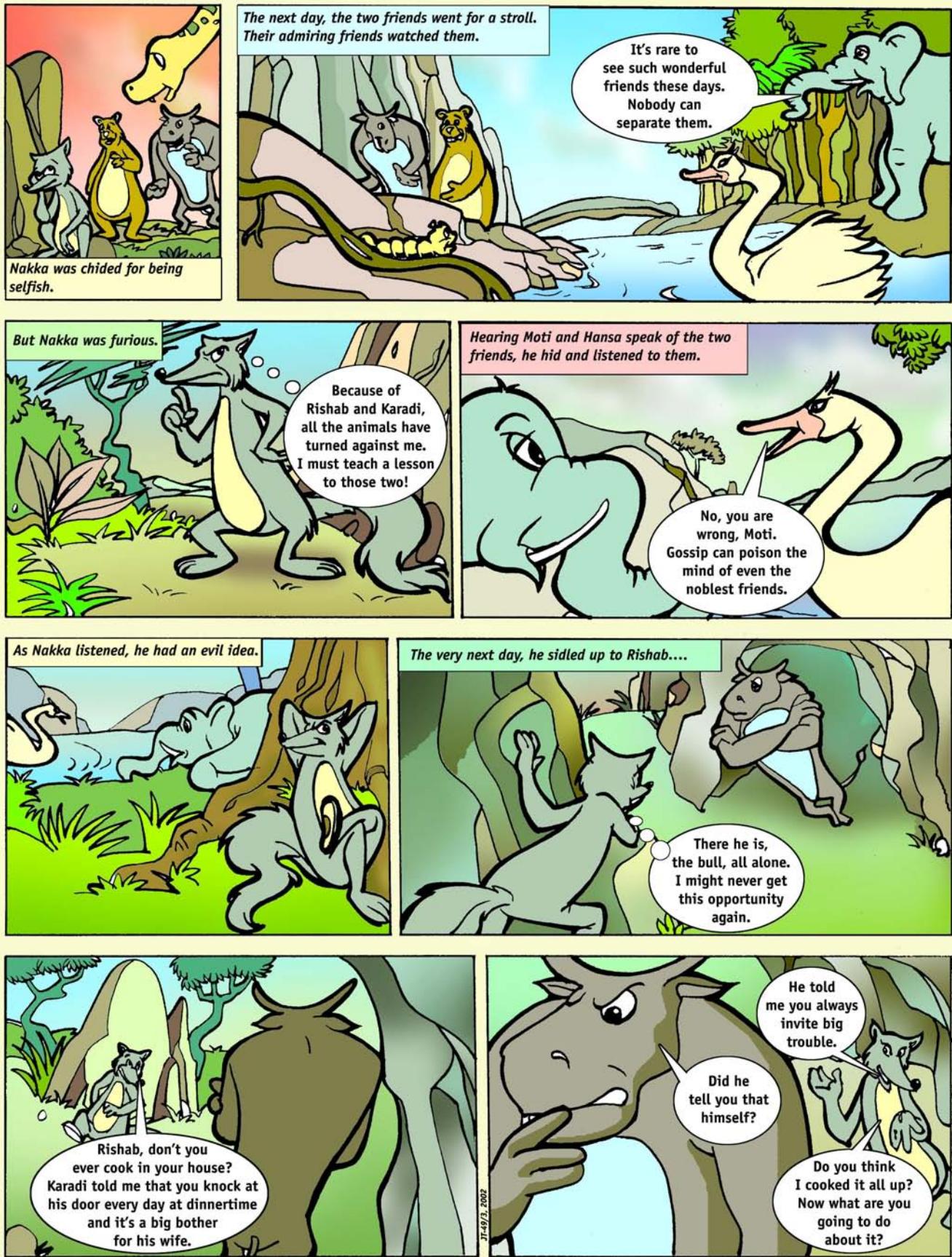
JATAKA TALES



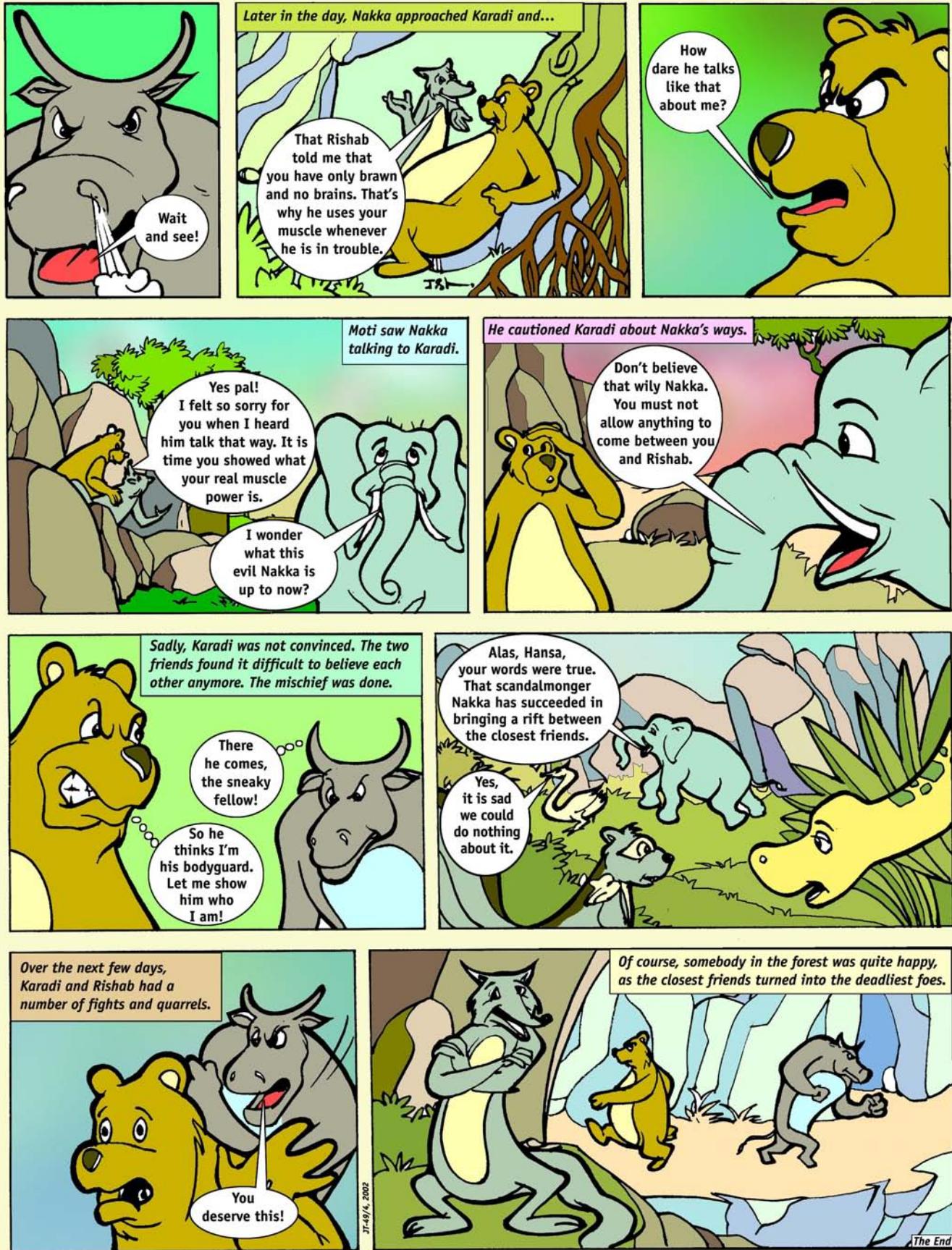
FRIENDS TURNED FOES



JATAKA TALES



FRIENDS TURNED FOES





THE ADVENTURES



King Jayapir Vinayaditya ruled in Kashmir during the latter half of the 8th century. Himself a scholar of repute, he had great respect for scholars and poets. Damodargupta, Manoratha, Chataka, Shankhadutt and Vamana were some of the well-known poets who adorned his court.

But despite his love of books, Vinayaditya was an adventurer at heart and had an intense craving for exploring new places. His grandfather, Lalitaditya, had often gone on long journeys, conquering new places with the help of his huge army. Vinayaditya longed to do the same and made up his mind to go on a long conquering spree with an army as large as that of his grandfather. Before long arrangements were made and everything was ready just as he wanted it.

Leading a team of 80,000 soldiers he made for the east, conquering many kingdoms on his way. Some put up a stiff fight, while others gave in meekly. There were yet others whom Vinayaditya could not conquer and from where he had to beat a hasty retreat. Months went by but Vinayaditya was not content. He wanted to continue his journey, although his soldiers were very tired and

longed to return home to the cool comfort of their own land. Some of them openly rebelled, broke away and made for Kashmir. Many others, who did not dare to disobey the king, were exhausted and unhappy.

Finally, the commander-in-chief, Deva Sharma, turned to the king and said, "Sire, this cannot go on."

"What's wrong?" asked Vinayaditya.
"What are you talking about?"

"We've been out of our kingdom for a very long time."

"But that's quite usual when a king goes out to conquer new lands."

"Many are falling sick as they cannot withstand this weather for such a prolonged stretch."

"A pity they decided to be soldiers then," said Vinayaditya sarcastically.

"But what are we to do? It's difficult to win with an unwilling team," said Deva Sharma looking desperate.

"Very well. Let all those unwilling to remain with us return home," said Vinayaditya. "We can manage without them."

A substantial number of soldiers broke away happily and made for their homeland. The rest remained with the king and moved forward. Finally, they arrived at Prayag (present Allahabad) where three great rivers meet. Vinayaditya was thrilled by the sight of the river and the number of pilgrims. He gave away generously—money, gold and other valuables. When he found everyone carrying the water of the sacred Ganga, he had thousands of special pitchers made with his name engraved on them and gave them away to the pilgrims. Before long the name of Jayapir Vinayaditya, King of Kashmir, was on everyone's lips as they blessed him for his generosity.

Vinayaditya was happy but he craved for more adventures. He made up his mind to leave his army in Prayag for some time and travel incognito on his own.

OF VINAYADITYA

He took the name of “Kallat” as he moved further east all by himself. Finally, he reached a place called Pundravardhana which he found interesting and decided to stop there for a few days. It was within the kingdom of Gaura (present Bengal). Jayanta was the ruling governor of the place. But since Vinayaditya was travelling incognito, he did not make any attempt to meet the governor and quietly found a place to stay.

The city of Pundravardhana was famous for a massive temple dedicated to Lord Karthikeya. In its vast courtyard, they held dance and music recitals every night in accordance with Bharata’s *natyashastra*. Many people assembled to enjoy the dance and music. King Vinayaditya himself was a great lover of music. He joined the audience right from his first night in the city. He enjoyed it so much, especially the dancing, that he lost track of time whenever he was there. He was particularly impressed with Kamala, the chief dancer of the temple, and gazed at her performances with awed admiration.

Kamala had also noticed the handsome, distinguished-looking stranger among the audience and wondered who he was. She particularly noticed one of his queer idiosyncrasies. He had the habit of placing his stretched palm on top of his shoulder every now and then. One of her friends, Radha, had noticed it too.

“Why does he do that?” she asked Kamala. “I’ve never seen anyone else do it!”

“I’m not sure but I can guess,” said Kamala. “I feel he must be a king in disguise or something.”

“What makes you think so?” asked Radha surprised. “He’s handsome, of course, but...”

“Don’t you see? He must be used to having attendants,” said Kamala, “someone who sits behind and offers him *paan* or betel nuts whenever he places his hand on his shoulder. It’s a common custom in royal families.”

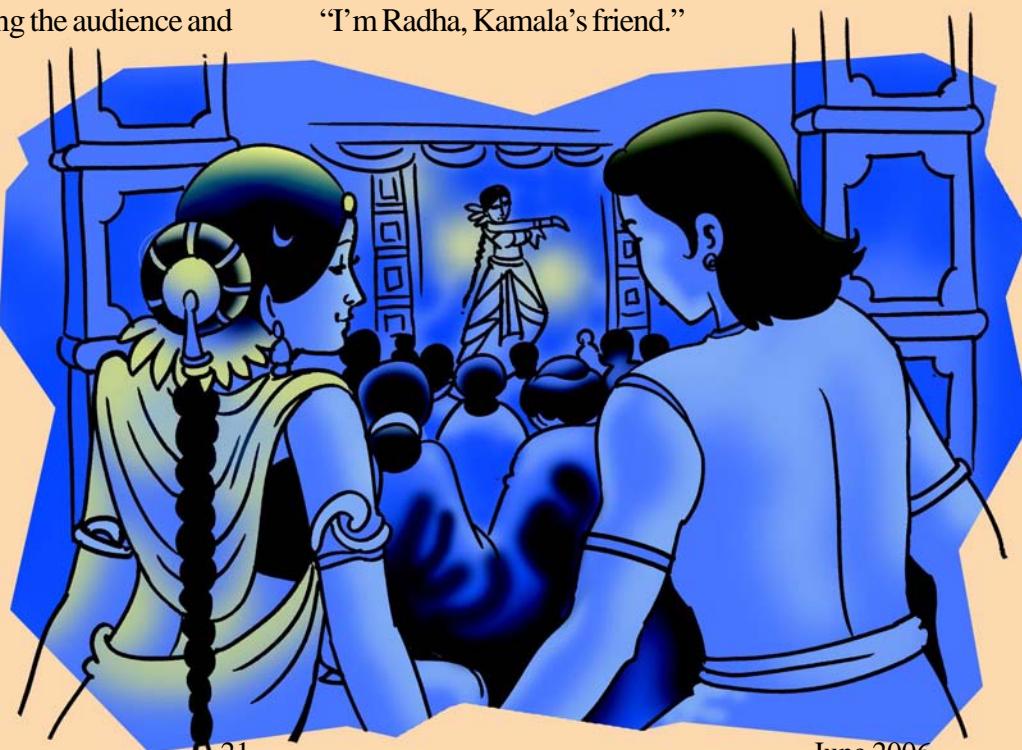
“How can you be so sure?” asked Radha.

“I’ll tell you how you can be sure,” said Kamala. “Go and sit just behind him. The next time he places his palm on his shoulder put some betel nuts in it. See how he reacts.”

Radha crept behind Vinayaditya and sat there quietly. He was watching Kamala’s dance with great enjoyment and concentration. For a while nothing happened. Then Vinayaditya moved and placed his palm on his shoulder. Radha immediately put some betel nuts in his palm. Vinayaditya did not turn around. He simply put the nuts in his mouth absent-mindedly. But when the same thing happened a second time, he turned his face and saw Radha.

“Who are you?” he asked surprised.

“I’m Radha, Kamala’s friend.”



"You mean the wonderful dancer?"

"I do."

"And what are you doing here?" asked Vinayaditya curiously.

"Kamala sent me. She would like to meet you after the dance recital is over."

"Here, at the temple?"

"No, at her house. I'll take you there if you like," said Radha.

"I'll be pleased," said Vinayaditya smiling at her.

Vinayaditya went to meet Kamala along with Radha. She invited him to stay for dinner and treated him just as she would treat a member of the royalty, although he told her that his name was Kallat and that he was a commoner.

After that Vinayaditya became a regular visitor at Kamala's place. They had fallen in love with one another right from their first meeting, and Vinayaditya now asked her to marry him. But he did not reveal his true identity to his wife. He lived in her house and gave her many expensive gifts. Kamala, who had already guessed who he was, asked no questions. She knew that he would choose to return to his own land before long and decided to lead a happy life as long as he stayed with her.

Time raced by. One evening Vinayaditya returned from his evening walk rather late and found the entire household immensely worried. "What's wrong?" he asked them surprised. "I often get delayed by the river as I enjoy going there very much. But why are all of you so worried?"

"It's that lion," gasped one of the servants! "It attacks anyone it meets and has already killed several people. We were so worried he had got you, too."

"Pooh! What is there to be afraid of in a mere lion?" he said laughing. "Why didn't you tell me about it before?"

"It's a huge and fierce lion," said Kamala. "Please don't stay out late again."

Vinayaditya laughed but did not bother to reply. He had already made enquiries about the lion and went to find it on his own. When it appeared and jumped on him with a fearful roar, Vinayaditya grabbed it and slit its stomach with his dagger. But by then the lion had bitten his hand which was bleeding profusely. He did not tell

anyone how he got that wound and made up a story about it.

The next day the people found the dead lion. They also discovered a thick gold bangle in its mouth. They took the bangle to Jayanta, the governor, who looked at it and frowned. Jayanta looked at it carefully and said, "But this bangle bears the name of Jayapir Vinayaditya, King of Kashmir."

"Perhaps the man who killed the tiger stole it from the king," suggested the men.

"This is a proper mystery," said Jayanta to himself. The next morning Jayanta sent out a team to locate anybody with a wounded arm. Soon, the men were able to locate Vinayaditya at Kamala's house.

Now Jayanta himself came to see who it was and



recognized the King of Kashmir immediately. He begged Vinayaditya to be a guest in his house. A few days later he married his daughter Kalyanadevi to the king.

In the mean time Vinayaditya's commander-in-chief, Deva Sharma, came to meet him in Pundravardhana. "What do you want me to do?" asked Vinayaditya.

"Return to Kashmir immediately with our two new queens," said Deva Sharma.

"So be it," said Vinayaditya with a smile.

- Swapna Dutta



FROM NAGALAND

IN SEARCH OF THE VALLEY OF DEATH

Madhuvanti, princess of Manipur, was growing into a beautiful girl, and no wonder she had many suitors seeking her hand in marriage. But she rejected all of them on one reason or another, and her parents who were very affectionate to her began wondering whether they would depart from this world without seeing the chubby face of a grandson or a grand daughter.

Then came along Monisingh, son of a chieftain. Somehow the princess did not reject his proposal as she found him not only handsome but kind and gentle. The king and queen could not be unhappy though the young man had no royal blood in him. The wedding date was fixed and there was rejoicing all over the kingdom for three days.

But, then, something most unfortunate happened. A day before the wedding, the princess went for her ritual bath in the river and never came out of it. Her maids went back to the palace wailing and weeping, and the kingdom was plunged into a pall of gloom. Madhuvanti's parents remembered that the princess had not yet come out of a curse before her marriage took place, and it must have been at the back of her mind when she was rejecting one proposal after another. Probably she must have forgotten the period of the curse before agreeing to marry Monisingh.

The young man was the most heart-broken and remained in the capital for some days hoping that the body of the princess might be washed ashore so that he could have a last look at her before he went back to his own parents. At one stage, the king and queen had even decided that they would adopt him as their son and make him a prince.

But Monisingh would not agree to the suggestion.

He told them that Princess Madhuvanti might have been taken to the Valley of Death and he would go there and bring her back. The king and queen were surprised and looked at each other with great doubt. Who was sure whether such a valley existed? But Monisingh's argument was, as the body of the princess had not appeared anywhere, she must be alive somewhere and the only possible place was the Valley of Death. With a heavy heart, the king and queen bade him farewell.

Monisingh did not go to meet his parents. His first





mission was to find the way to the Valley of Death. He wandered from place to place, enquiring with sages, saints and mendicants. He would even go to very old people posing the question: "Could you tell me the way to the Valley of Death?" They would merely look at his face with pity. Why should anyone in the prime of youth think of death? Anyway, they had not heard of such a valley and would in the least know how to reach there.

Ultimately, Monisingh met a very old man, with a wizened look. He insisted on knowing why he wanted to go to the Valley of Death. Till then Monisingh had not told anybody of the purpose of his mission.

When he listened to the poignant story, a faint smile arose across the face of the old man. "I don't know the way, but I can tell you how to reach an old woman;

nobody knows how old she is, but we all believe she must be even some two hundred or three hundred years old and she is sure to have some knowledge of the place you are searching for. But, mind you, there are a lot of things to be attended to by way of preparations before you start on your journey. Like, you must avoid looking at women or eating any food prepared by them. You must take a bath three times a day for forty-one days and get hold of a white silk cloth to be presented to the old woman. After you observe all these rigours, you come back to me with a pure mind and a pure heart, then I shall give you directions how to reach the old woman's hut on the other side of the mountains over there."

Monisingh promised that he would abide by his instructions and return to him on the forty-second day. During the forty-one days, he did not meet any woman; he cooked his own food and ate only once in the day, that too after he had taken all three baths, spending the day and night in prayers.

When he went to the old man, Monisingh found that he had kept for him a bag, a spear, a mug, some food and rice beer. He showed him the shawl he had kept for the old woman. Monisingh immediately set out to cross the mountains and go through dark forests and valleys. He did not find climbing the mountains a difficult task, but once he reached the valley and the forests, he did not know in which direction he should turn to reach the hut of the old woman.

After so many days of walking, Monisingh ultimately found a solitary hut in a clearing in the forest. He pushed open the door and found a woman with a wrinkled face, hands and legs lying on a cot. He pulled out the white silk shawl from his bag and handed it to her. The woman's face suddenly lit up. "What do you want from me, son?" she asked.

"I wish to go to the Valley of Death, grandma!" he replied.

"Is that all, son?" the woman asked. She had a quizzical look. "Yes, grandma, I wish to meet my beloved, Princess Madhuvanti," explained Monisingh. "I want to take her back to the palace and if she agrees, I would like to marry her."

"I don't know whether you'll meet her in the valley,

but that is the place where the dead comes to spend the moonlit night. But, I must warn you. If you see her, you should not touch her. You can only speak to her, and wait for an answer." She then told him how to reach the valley in the night and wait for the moon to rise and shed its light.

Monisingh waited till it was dark and then started for the Valley of Death, peering through the trees to find out whether the moon had risen and he could see any clearing. Fortunately, he did not come upon any animals to hinder his movement, though he held the spear in hand in all readiness. Suddenly he saw the clearing and some figures strolling among flowering plants. He had some difficulty in finding the princess among them. When he saw a figure resembling her, in his excitement he ran towards her and caught hold of her hand saying, "O Princess! Come with me, I shall take you to your parents!" Lo and behold, the princess just disappeared. Poor Monisingh! He did not know what to do. The princess did not come back to the place.

He waited till daybreak and found his way back to the old woman's hut. She patiently listened to his adventure and said, "Spend the day here, and you can go back to the valley in the night again in search of your beloved. But don't try to touch her if you come across her."

Monisingh waited till it was dark and once again made his way to the forest and the Valley of Death. But today, he did not take the spear with him. He suspected that the princess might not have recognised him with the spear in hand.

By the time the moon had floodlit the valley, he was already there waiting for the figures of the dead to appear. He easily recognised the princess among them. He sincerely prayed, "O Lord! Check my temptation to reach my beloved and speak to her."

Wonder of wonders. The princess recognised him from a distance and rushed to him. "Monisingh! You've come here in search of me! How did you find this place?"

Monisingh took great care not to touch the princess. He narrated his adventures ever since the princess went missing in the river. "Will you go with me to the world? I

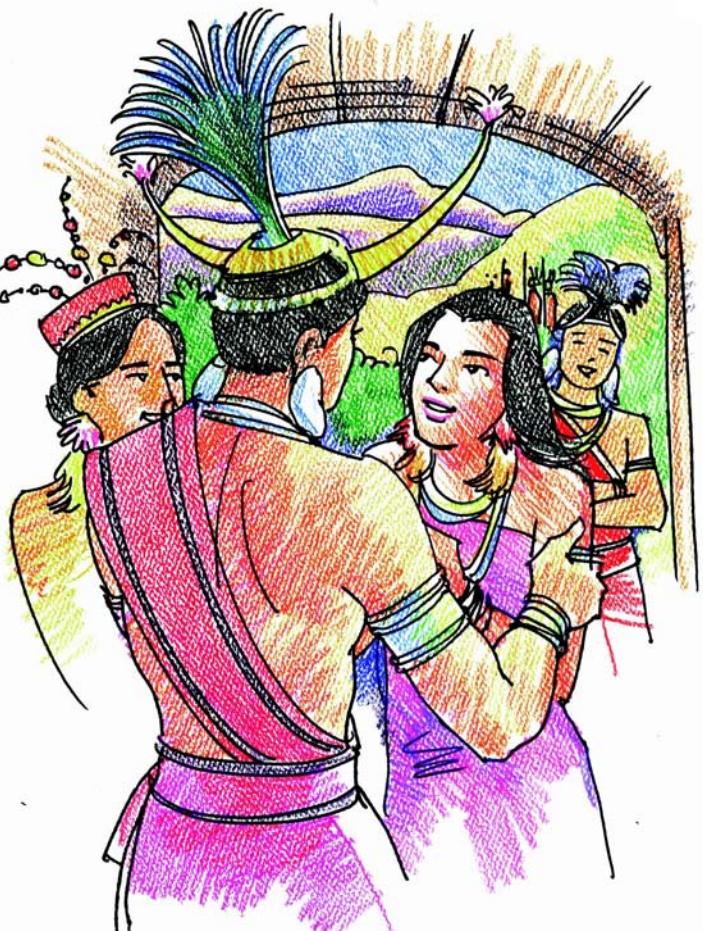
shall take you back to the palace and, with the permission of your parents, we shall get married."

"Most willingly, Monisingh!" said Madhuvanti. "Lead the way, but don't try to turn round to look at me, I shall be following you. Once we climb over the mountain, I shall call your name when you can look at me!"

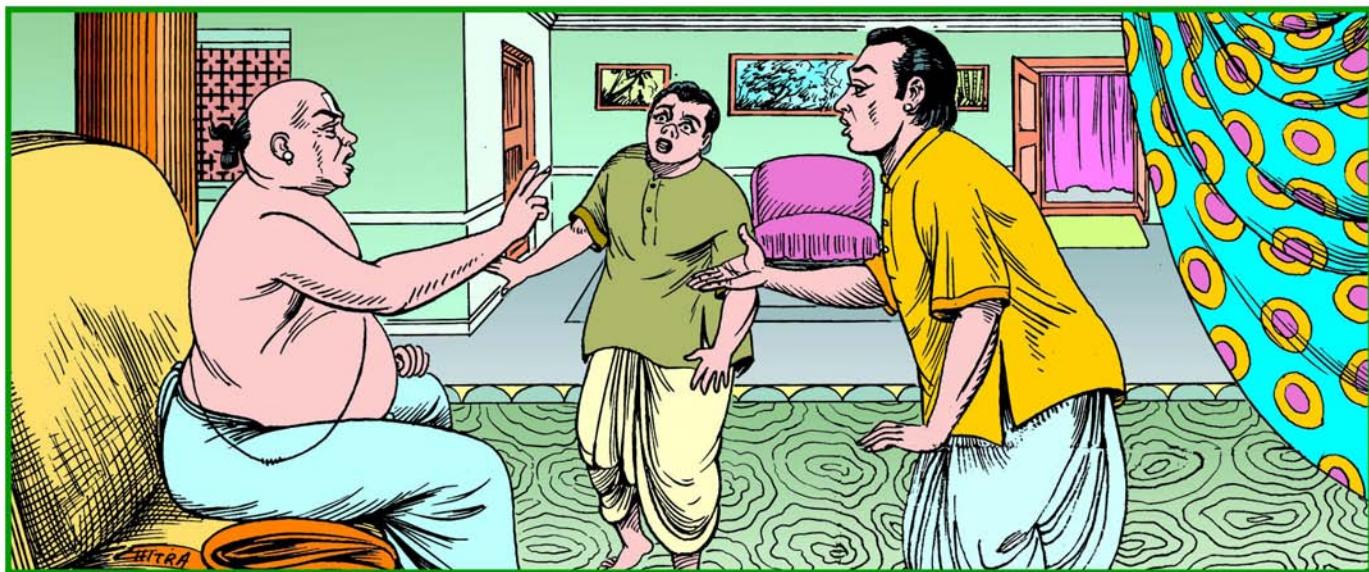
Monisingh had full faith in the princess who had by now proved her true love for him. By the time he left the Valley of Death, passed through the forests and climbed the mountain, it was dawn and he now heard his name being called softly. With great expectations, Monisingh turned round to find the princess with a beaming smile. He now dared to catch hold of her hand, and together they hurried to the palace.

The king and queen's joy knew bounds when they saw their dear daughter hale and hearty. They proceeded with the preparation for the wedding of Madhuvanti and Monisingh.

Not that he had been directed by anybody, but Monisingh did not tell anybody how he went in search of the Valley of Death. That remained a secret with him.



A SHREWD MERCHANT



Ramnath, was a merchant, a village in Mangapur. He had two sons. He was very rich once upon a time, but due to an unexpected set back in business, he lost a considerable amount of wealth. But he was not disheartened. He looked for ways and means to become prosperous again.

There were quite a few rich merchants and landlords in Mangapur. They were frequently harassed by a gang of robbers, who often raided the village and looted the rich people. The rich in the village then organized a group of informants who would tip them off about the raids in advance.

They would hide their property and go away from the village for a day or two to escape the robbers. Sometimes, the gang would strike suddenly and take the landlords by surprise.

One day, there was an unexpected visit from the gang. Ramnath decided not to leave his house. He asked his sons to hide whatever little they had and leave the village. But he stayed alone in the house, awaiting the robbers.

At midnight, he heard footsteps near his house. At once, he went to the backyard and hid himself into a hay-stack. The chief of the robbers

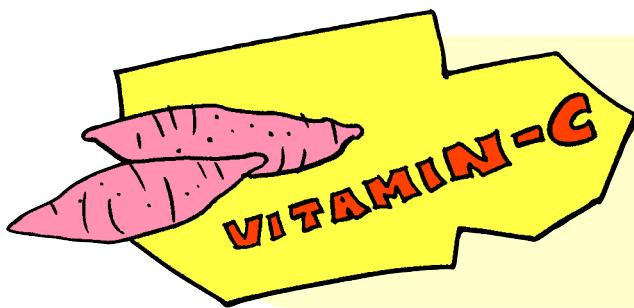
got down from his horse and tied it to a tree near the haystack. While the horse grazed on the hay, the robber entered the house.

Ramnath slowly came out of the haystack and saw a big bundle on the horseback. He guessed that some valuable loot might be in the bundle. He took it off the horse and went back to the haystack.

After searching Ramnath's house and finding nothing valuable to loot, the robber chief came out and went to mount his horse. He was shocked to find the bundle on the horseback missing. It had the priceless jewellery looted from a rich merchant's house, and he wanted to keep the whole lot himself.

He was now crestfallen. He called out for his gang and enquired, but none of them had any idea. The chief and his men searched the entire area, but they could not find the bundle. The leader left the village in the early hours with his gang.

As soon as they left, Ramnath ran back to the house and opened the bundle. He was overjoyed to see glittering gold ornaments. He decided that he would use the jewellery to restart his business. He hid them in a secret place in



DID YOU KNOW?

Sweet potatoes contain no more calories than white potatoes and no fat. They also provide Vitamin C and three times the recommended amount of the Beta-carotene plus a fair amount of fibre.

the house. When Ramnath's sons returned home, he did not tell them about the jewellery.

In the mean time, the chief of the robbers was rying over the loss of his loot. He regretted he should not have left the bundle on the horseback.

He cursed himself for his carelessness. He was sure it must have been taken away by one of the inmates of Ramnath's house. He boiled with rage at the daring of whoever had stolen from the chief himself. He decided to keep a vigil over Ramnath's house and so, he came back to the house one night and hid himself in the backyard.

When Ramnath went to wash his hands after dinner, he caught sight of the chief hiding behind a tree. Ramnath had already expected something like this to happen. He quickly thought out a plan.

He loudly shouted to his sons, "Do you hear me? When you were away, I found a bundle on a horseback near the haystack."

When the robber heard this, he got excited. Ramnath continued, "I didn't know what it contained. I was a bit scared of it. So, I threw it into the well in our backyard."

Ramnath went back into the house and waited for the next move from the chief. As was expected, he quietly got down into the well with the help of the rope used for drawing water.

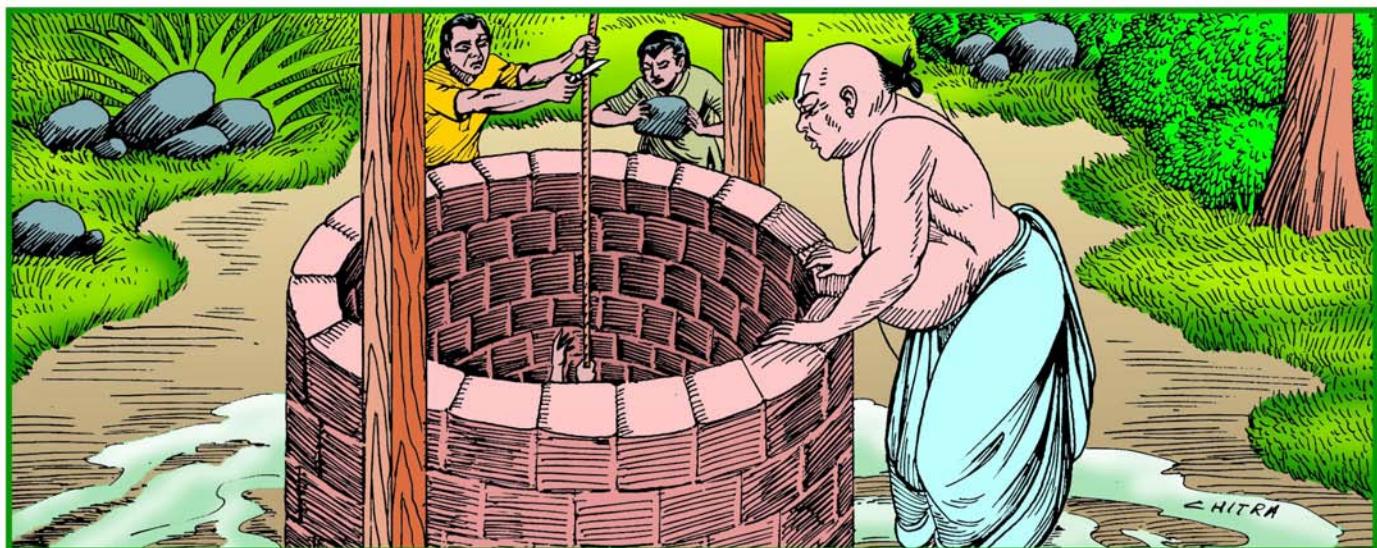
In the mean time, Ramnath told his sons about his find and took them to the well.

They cut the rope from the pulley to prevent the chief from coming out of the well.

He then alerted the villagers who came in large numbers to catch hold of the chief trapped in the well. He was given a good beating and handed to the police.

Ramnath thus got rid of the chief of the robbers. The villagers praised his shrewdness and heaved a sigh of relief that they would not be bothered by the gang of robbers any more.

Soon, Ramnath's business prospered, thanks to his find of the looted jewellery.



AKBAR FINDS BIRBAL



When it comes to wit and wisdom, Birbal, a courtier who served Emperor Akbar, holds pride of place. He was equal to every challenge, never found wanting in a crisis. The Emperor turned to him for not only companionship but help and guidance. He became the super star in Akbar's Court. The tales presented in this series bring out Birbal's wit and wisdom and his ability to find an answer to every problem and provide us a peep into the secret of his eternal appeal.

Emperor Akbar was kind and just. Men of learning joined his court. So did men of music and arts. Some of them were truly talented. They became the favourites of the Emperor. Tansen was one of them. Birbal was

another. Born Mahesh Das, he became Birbal after he joined the court of Akbar.

Mahesh was born in a remote village, some distance from capital Agra. He was a very intelligent boy, sharp and quick-witted. He was extremely naughty and often pulled fast ones on his friends. Sometimes he tried his tricks on his teachers and elders, too. Yet rarely ever was he caught. On those rare occasions when he was caught, he got away with witty comments and humorous remarks, leaving everyone in stitches (of laughter).

He attended the village school. The schoolmaster noticed how bright he was. He had an excellent memory. So was his ability to work his way out of trouble. He had an answer for every situation, however difficult it was. The schoolmaster became very fond of him. He thought the boy had a bright future. Time passed. Mahesh grew up into a smart young man.

The schoolmaster advised Mahesh to seek a job in the Royal Court. Mahesh could not believe his ears. He thought of himself, despite his intelligence, as a country bumpkin. The Royal Court would be no place for the rustic youth.

“You can't be serious, O Revered Sire,” Mahesh crooned.

“But I am. Go to the Emperor and seek employment,” the schoolmaster insisted.

“Who will let me into the presence of the Emperor?” Mahesh asked.



"You're clever, Mahesh. A clever man always finds what he wants," the schoolmaster smiled.

Mahesh touched the feet of his teacher in reverence. He then raced home, his head full of dreams about the future. His parents asked him what the matter was.

He repeated what the schoolmaster had told him. His parents felt happy and at the same time sad, too. Happy because they, too, wanted a bright future for their son, yet sad because he would be going away to a far off place.

Early next morning, Mahesh got ready for the long journey. He rolled up his clothes into a bundle. His father gave him a few coins tied up in a small cloth bag. He tucked it in the folds of the turban wound round his head. He was dressed in *dhoti* and *kurta* with a shawl neatly folded hanging on one shoulder. He got hold of a stick, tied the bundle to one end of the stick and adjusted it against the other shoulder till he got the balance right. His parents stood at the door and with tear-stricken eyes watched him go.

Soon he joined a group of people who, too, were on their way to the capital. They walked all day long. At night, they rested at wayside inns. They resumed the journey in the morning.

Many days passed. Finally they reached the capital one evening. They wished each other well and went their way. Mahesh found a place to stay for the night in a dharamsala.

Next day, he got up early. He took a bath, dressed himself in the best apparel and headed for the fort. He approached the guard at the main gate and said, "Salaam Alaikum."

The guard did not reply. Instead he shifted the spear he held from one hand to the other while examining Mahesh from head to foot.

"Look, I need your help," Mahesh spoke softly.

"How can I help you?" he asked in a hoarse tone.

"I wish to meet the Emperor," Mahesh explained.

"That's a grand joke," the guard laughed aloud.

Mahesh didn't say a word.



"Who are you, Sir?" the guard spoke in a mocking tone. "A great scholar? A brilliant dancer? A gifted musician? A member of the aristocracy?"

"I'm a young man. I want to find a job at the Royal Court," said Mahesh, remaining calm. Tell me, don't you think a young man has a right to seek a job?" Mahesh smiled.

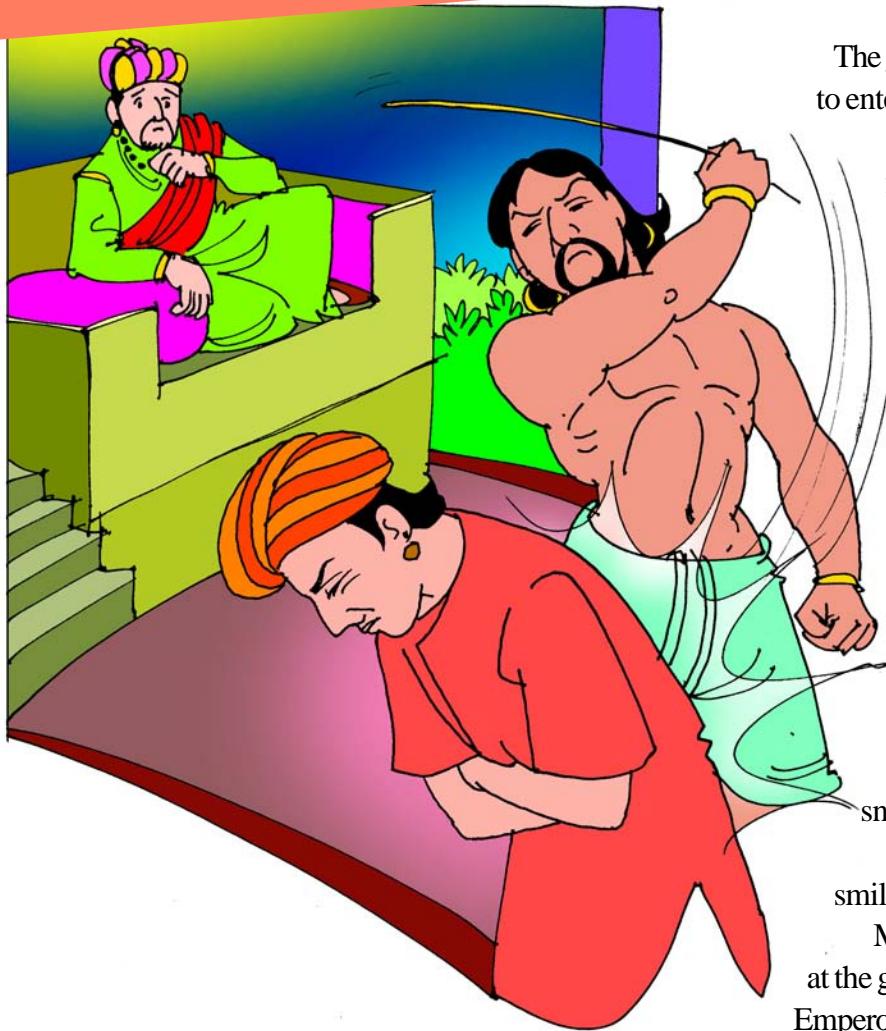
"You speak well, young man," the guard grudgingly gave him credit.

"My teacher, too, thinks so. He advised me to come here; he said I would do well at the Court," Mahesh explained.

"How does that matter to me?" the guard peered at him intently.

Mahesh was quick to take the cue. The guard was asking for a tip to let him in. Mahesh felt angry, but checked himself in time.

He smiled at the guard, went closer and said,



"Suppose I were to offer you a third of whatever the Emperor gives me!"

"You promise?" the guard's eyes gleamed.

"Of course, that's a deal," Mahesh bowed to the guard.

"You won't forget it, I hope," the guard sought reassurance.

"I come from a small village. My people are simple folks. They are rustic, rough and tough. But they're honest," Mahesh argued.

"Can't you give me one *mohar* now?" the guard knew that a bird in hand is worth two in the bush.

"I would have gladly agreed if only I had the money. Wait, my friend. Who can say what you will get when I meet the Emperor and win his favour?" Mahesh scratched his chin.

"A third of what you get," the guard lowered his voice.

"I promise that," Mahesh grinned.

The guard now stood aside, making way for Mahesh to enter the palace grounds.

Mahesh walked through a path lined with flowering plants. Huge fountains flashed in the sunlight and assumed the colours of the rainbow.

Mahesh took time to gaze at the scene. It was truly something out of this world. He walked on till he stood at the door of the Royal Court. The sentry at the door stopped him. "Who are you?" he asked.

Mahesh identified himself. He told him he was a wit and a scholar. "I thought I would appeal to the Emperor to engage me."

"Thousands of young men come here every day to seek jobs. But only a handful of them are lucky," the sentry remarked.

"Maybe I'm lucky," Mahesh bantered.

"How does that matter to me?" the sentry snapped.

"It will, if I make a deal with you, too," Mahesh smiled. "What deal?" the sentry asked.

Mahesh explained his agreement with the guard at the gate. "He gets a third of what I receive from the Emperor. I shall let you have a third. I'll still be left with a third of what the Emperor offers me," Mahesh chuckled.

"You won't forget your promise?" the sentry wanted to be doubly sure.

"No, my friend. I never go back on promises. And, then, but for your help I would never enter the Royal presence."

"You speak well, my boy," the sentry beamed a big smile, asked for his name and where he came from, led him to the Royal Court and walked off.

Mahesh noticed the courtiers watching him. He waited till the Emperor's eyes fell on him. He bowed politely and waited.

"Who are you, young man?" the Emperor asked.

"Mahesh Das is my name." He identified the village to which he belonged. He repeated what his schoolmaster had told him.

The Emperor did not seem convinced. A couple of courtiers sniggered.

"Every teacher thinks highly of his best students. But, young man, here we engage only the best of the best," the Emperor's tone was clear and powerful.

"ShahenShah, if I prove that I'm indeed the best among the best?" Mahesh spoke with confidence.

"Prove it, then."

"ShahenShah, bear with me if I ask you for a small gift," Mahesh paused.

"A gift? Nobody gets a gift unless he has proved his worth," the Emperor growled.

"The gift I seek won't cost you even a cowry," Mahesh replied.

"What do you want?"

"Thirty lashes with a whip," Mahesh's demand made everyone sit up.

"Are you mad?" the Emperor hissed.

"That you will know, soon, ShahenShah. Grant me the gift," Mahesh stood his ground.

The Emperor ordered one of the guards to fetch a whip. The man hurried out and returned with a whip. The Emperor called the man holding the whip and whispered in his ears, "Don't hurt him. Just go through the motion of whipping."

The guard did just that. He counted every time the whip came down on Mahesh. "One, two ten."

"Stop!" shouted Mahesh. "ShahenShah! I've received my share of the gift. The rest is to be shared equally by two of your employees."

"My employees?" the Emperor winced.

"Yes, ShahenShah. One is the guard at the gate of the fort. The other is the sentry at the door of the Royal Court. They would not let me in unless I offered them tips. I had no money. So I promised to let each of them share a third of the gift I may get from you."

"Did they?" the Emperor's eyes turned red.

"Yes, Shah-en-Shah. Send for them. When they come, let me explain what they will get and watch the fun," Mahesh begged.

The Emperor nodded his head.

The guard and the sentry arrived at the Royal Court. They bowed, waited for the command.

"Friends," Mahesh addressed them, "I told ShahenShah that you helped me. But for you, I would never have met him. I promised you a share each. I beg the ShahenShah to give you your share," Mahesh's voice was clear and sweet.

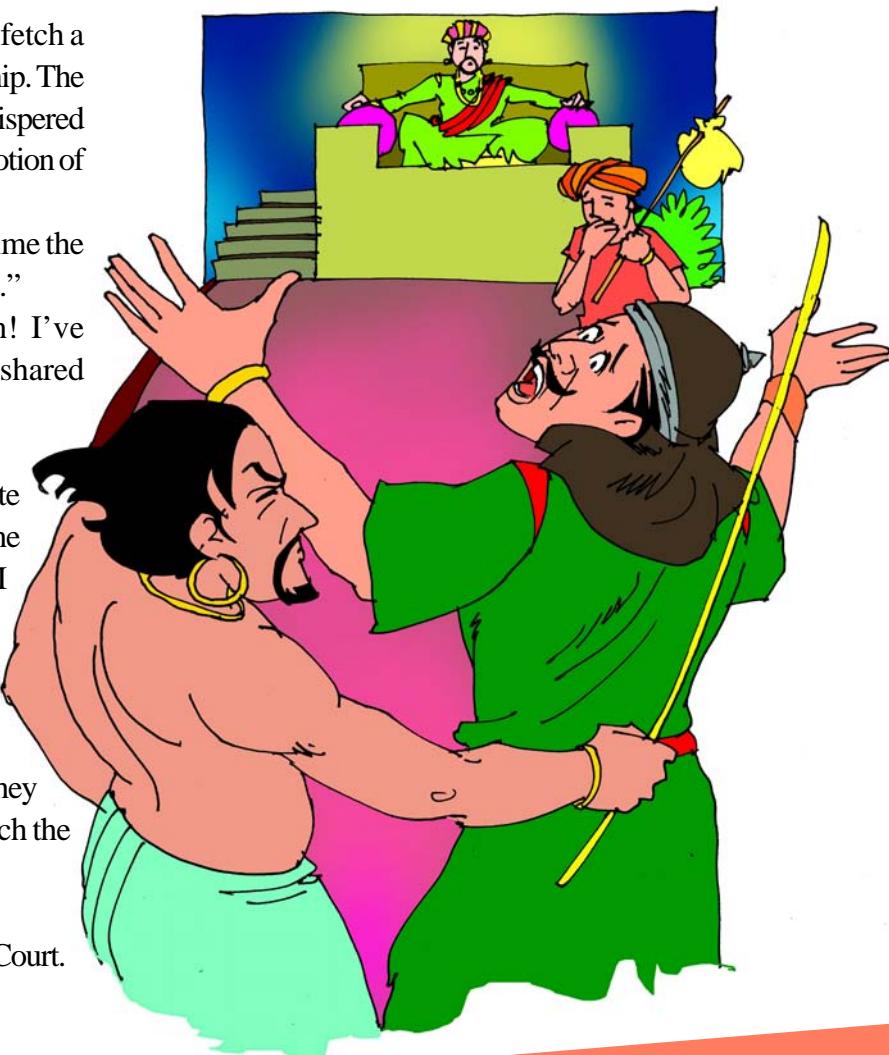
The sentry and the guard nodded their heads, happily.

Then came the shock. The sentry was asked to step to the centre of the Court. The man with the whip closed in on him. The sentry received the best of ten cuts. He wriggled and wailed, screamed and cried, but to no avail. Then it was the turn of the guard.

"You both are no longer needed at the Court," said the Emperor and sent them off.

"You're clever. Your schoolmaster was right. You have proved your worth. You shall be one of our courtiers. Call yourself Birbal." The Emperor's words were the sweetest ones that Mahesh had ever heard.

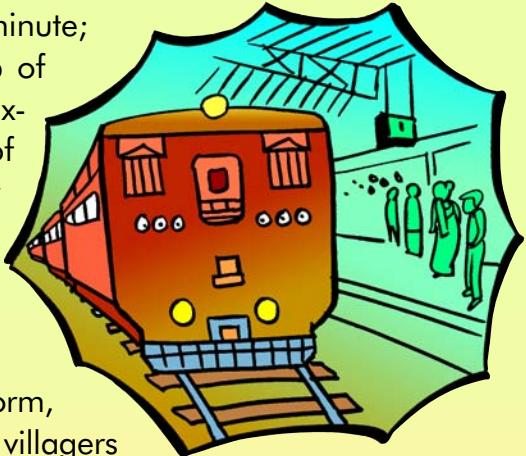
- R.K. Murthi



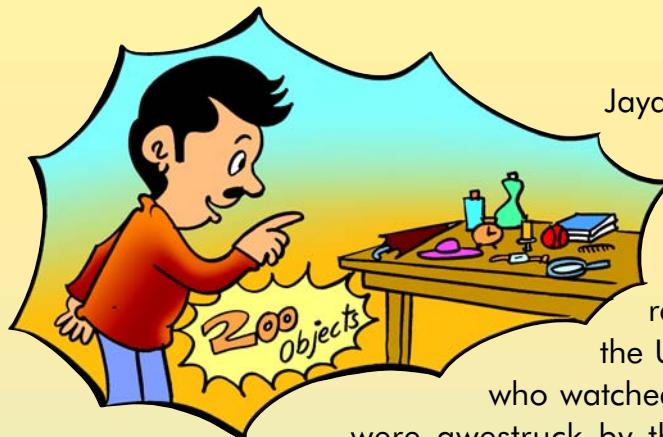


VILLAGERS BUILD STATION

Trains now stop at Balwantpura for a minute; it is a new station on the railway map of Rajasthan. What is unique about the six-month-old railway station is, it has come up by the efforts of the local people. For nearly ten years, the residents of four panchayats had lobbied for a station, but the Railways Ministry continued to put forth the excuse of 'no finance'. The people then decided to take direct action. They collected enough money to build a station—the first one in India on which the Railways has not spent a single naya paisa. It has a pucca platform, ticket-counter, electricity and water connections. Of course, the villagers followed all specifications given by the Railways which installed the signalling systems and made changes in the time-table. Four trains stop at Balwantpura every day and the 13,000 passengers who boarded them in the past few months are believed to have contributed more than Rs. 1,50,000 to the Railway's kitty.



UNCANNY MEMORY



Jayasimha, a retired Air Force Squadron Leader, living in Hyderabad, has found an entry in the *Guinness Book of World Records*. He was shown nearly 200 objects at random and within minutes, he recalled them in the same order in which they were shown to him. The record had hitherto stood in the name of Jed Harris of the USA, who could recall only 100 items. Many of those who watched the feat in Hyderabad—both official and unofficial—were awestruck by the uncanny memory exhibited by Jayasimha. The conclusion: Indians have the sharpest memory in the world.

LARGEST MURAL PAINTING

Here's another Guinness record for India—the largest indoor mural painting. The credit goes to Asutosh Panigrahi, of Anantpur village in Dhenkanal district of Orissa. It measures 9,731 sq. ft, which was finished in seven days with the help of six others at a total cost of Rs. 25,00,000.

The previous record was 7,830 sq. ft. held by an Australian team. Panigrahi is now in possession of the certificate from the publishers of the *Guinness Book of World Records*.



KALEIDOSCOPE



I love Mother Nature
That's why I love all her pictures.
Pictures of trees and plants
Pictures of vast green pastures.
Pictures of seas and oceans
Pictures of rivers and streams.
Pictures of the sky and the stars
Pictures of the moon and the sun.
Pictures of forests and jungles
Pictures of deserts and oasis.
I love pictures of rain, snow and frost
Of hailstorms, lightning and thunder.
Let's not destroy but conserve them
Let's preserve them and enjoy them.
For nature in its original form
Has a myth and charm
That neither you nor I can create.

- Zenitha Das (11), Cuttack

MOTHER NATURE

Nature is my second mother,
I like her flowers and trees,
Her trees give shade to us.
I love her many ways,
One is how flowers bloom,
They also give much happiness.
I like to hear her birds sing
The sweetest ever tunes,
Her wind carries the clouds

And also sand dunes.
Her clouds provide us rains,
Her sun gives warmth and light,
And the bright moonlit night.
Her magical ways are beautiful,
And I want to preserve her,
In my sweet memories forever.

- Bhavana Kishore Baglodi (9)
Sharjah

WORLD ENVIRONMENT DAY : JUNE 5

VISHNU SAVES THE FOREST



One day, Vishnu came home from school looking sad. The little boy's mother asked him what the matter was. He then told her that he had come to know the trees in the nearby forest would soon be cut down. "Ma, where will the animals and birds go if the trees are cut?"

The mother remembered that Vishnu was in the habit of wandering in the forest where the animals and birds were his friends. She tried to console him. "You first drink your milk and eat your favourite snacks I've made for you, and go for a stroll in the forest and ask your friends where they propose to go away."

Vishnu appeared pacified for the time being. He did not go deep into the forest; he had a few favourite spots where he often saw the animals in the clearing frolicking or the birds chasing each other from one tree to another. Today, he went and sat on the grass, leaning against a rock. He wondered : would it be his last ever visit to the forest?

Somebody prodded him from behind. Vishnu turned around to see a deer. He had seen the animal earlier. "I'm Hira. What's wrong? You look sad." Vishnu took a couple

of moments to realise that the deer was really talking to him.

"The trees in this forest are going to be cut," said Vishnu with a big sigh. "Where'll you animals and birds go if there are no trees for your home?"

Hira now came round and stood before Vishnu. "Yes, if what you say is true, we might have to move out of here," she said. "We can prevent the trees from being cut, can't we? We must appeal to those who want to cut the trees not to do so."

"Thank you, Hira. That gives me an idea," said Vishnu, who had now put on a faint smile. He got up and went home. He told his mother about his meeting with Hira. "Who shall we petition, Ma?" Vishnu asked, as his mother stroked his head.

"Of course, there's the Mayor of the town. I'll help you write a petition," said his mother. The petition was soon ready; Vishnu's mother and father signed their names below that of Vishnu, who went round getting signatures from his friends. They, in turn, got the signatures of their friends and neighbours. The petition signed by the entire local community was sent to the Mayor.

Vishnu was surprised when he got a prompt reply from the Mayor: "Dear Vishnu, your request has been accepted; the trees will not be cut. You may assure your neighbours and also tell your friends in the forest."

That evening, Vishnu went back to the forest, holding the Mayor's letter in his hands.

- **Krishna Reddy (9), USA**

RIDDLES

1. What is metallurgy?
- **J. Naveen Bhat, Alike**
2. How will you know whether a monster likes you or not?
3. What is that which, even if it is kept in the fridge for long hours, remains very hot?
- **S. Akaash (11), Thrissur**
4. There are 99 birds on a tree. How will you capture all of them in only one shot?
5. Why should you always wear a watch in a desert?
- **G. S. Anush (12), Sohar**
6. The castle has 4 wells, but none has any water. It has 18 thieves and one queen to guard. Who am I?
- **Nagarjun (10), Bahrain**



Patient : Will this medicine cure my cold?

Doctor : No, but your cold will become pneumonia and I can cure pneumonia.

ve..

- Saiti D. Pol (14), Thane



An old person was seen writing a letter very slowly. His wife became curious and asked, "Why are you writing so slowly?"

The old man replied : "I'm writing to our six-year-old grandson. You know he can't read so fast."

- M.R. Ganesh Kumar (9), Thiruninravur



Son : Is it true that an apple a day keeps the doctor away?

Mother : Yes.

Son : Give me an apple, Ma; I've broken the glass window of our neighbour doctor.

He may come after me.

- Prajuval D.P. (14), Alike

Gita (at a dog show) : What kind of dog is this?

Monu : It's a police dog.

Gita : But it doesn't look like one.



Monu : It's from the CID Department.

- S. Vismitha (11), Bangalore



Teacher : Give me an example of a miracle.

Student : There are flying saucers, but they have no cups!

- V. Manju Rani (13)
Hyderabad



Rahul : Tell me, Raj, why were the elephants thrown out of the swimming pool?

Raj : They could not keep their trunks up!

- Susmit (13), Dhubri



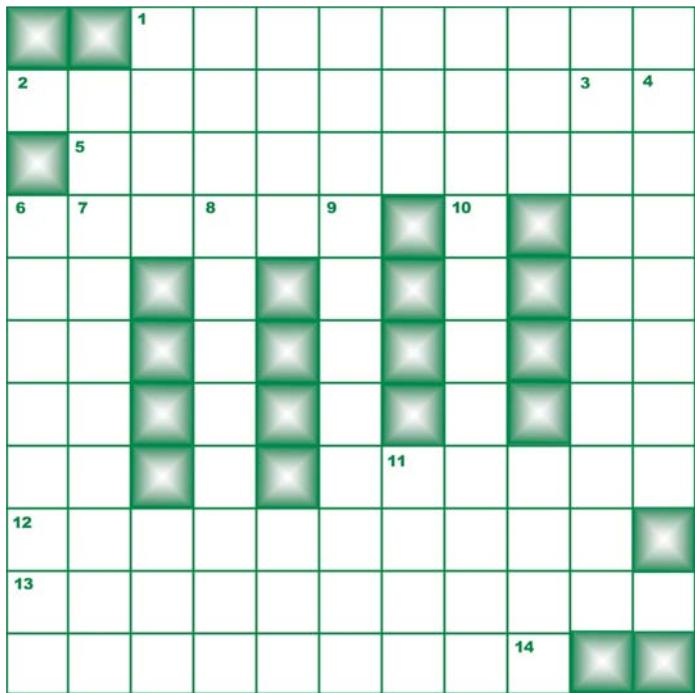
Friend : What kind of books, apart from the Bible, have helped you most?

Girl : Mother's Recipe book and father's cheque book?

- V. Thilak Raj Kumar (13), Salem

PUZZLE DAZZLE

INDIAN MYTHOLOGY CROSSWORD



Here is a crossword
on characters from
Indian mythology.
Use the clues to solve it.

Across:

1. Father of Balarama (9).
2. Son of sage Bharadwaja; a disciple of Parasurama (11).
5. A sage, who won over the Lord of Death by his humility and learnt the secrets of spiritual life from the Lord himself (9).
6. Son of Kunti, who took sides with the Kauravas on the battlefield (5).
11. Daughter of King Janaka and consort of Rama (4).
12. The demon king killed by Lord Krishna, an event celebrated on Diwali day (10).
13. A descendant of Sage Kaushik and Gaadhi (11).
14. Daughter of Maya and consort of Ravana (Reverse) (9).

Down:

3. Wife of Nandagopa (7).
4. Legend says this sage is the incarnation of Agni (7).
6. Mother of the Pandavas (5).
7. Consort of Rishi Gautam who got salvation from Rama (6).
8. A sage and devotee of Lord Vishnu (6).
9. The fifth incarnation of Vishnu, a dwarf (6).
10. The seventh incarnation of Vishnu (4).

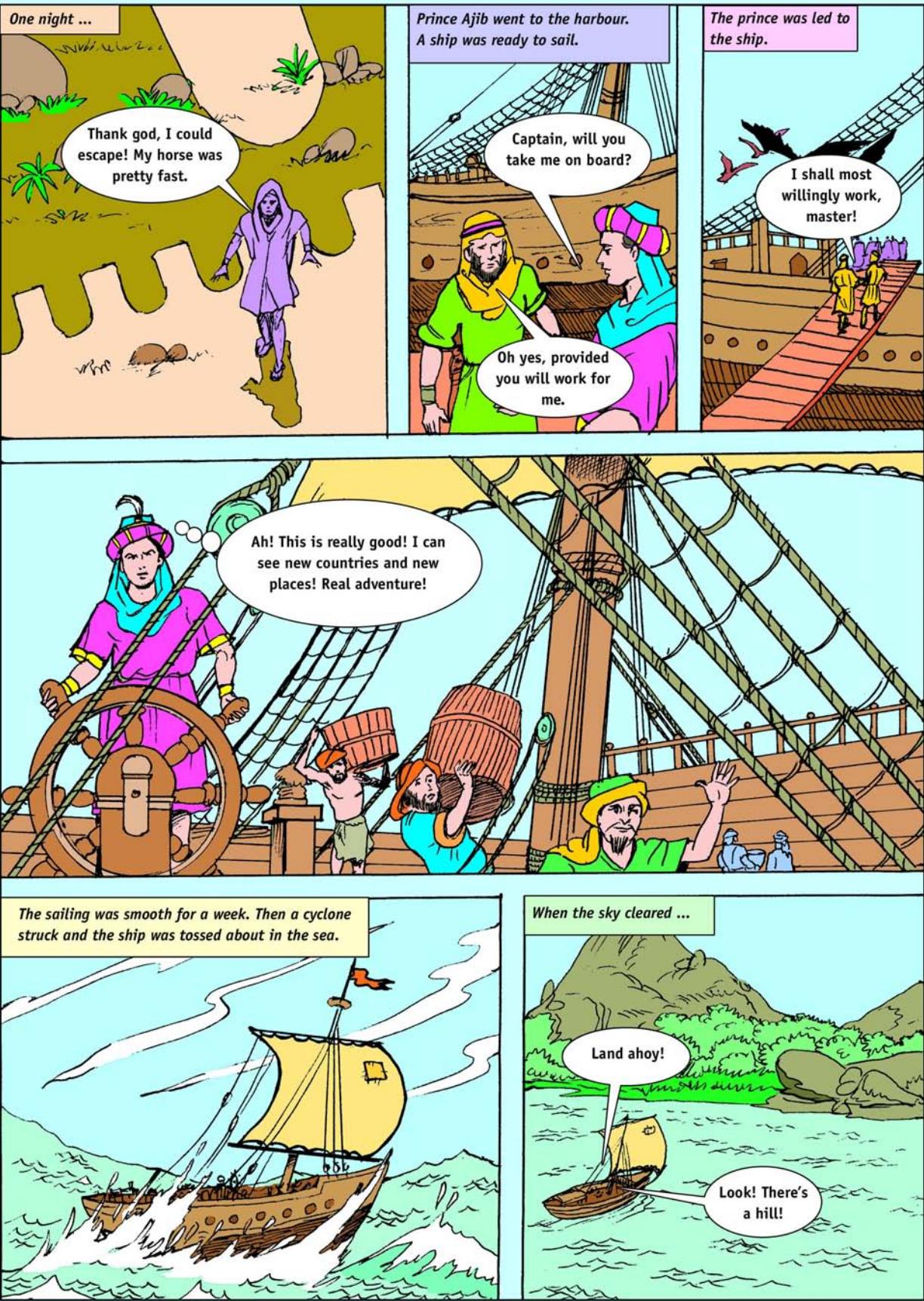
- by R Vaasugi

ACROSS: 1. Nandagopa, 2. Dronacharya, 3. Yasoda, 4. Agastya, 5. Nachiketa, 6. Karma, 7. Sita, 8. Narada, 9. Vamana, 10. Rama.
DOWN: 1. Father of Balarama (9). 2. Son of sage Bharadwaja; a disciple of Parasurama (11). 3. A descendant of Sage Kaushik and Gaadhi (11). 4. Wife of Nandagopa (7). 5. Mother of the Pandavas (5). 6. Legend says this sage is the incarnation of Agni (7). 7. Consort of Rishi Gautam who got salvation from Rama (6). 8. A sage and devotee of Lord Vishnu (6). 9. The fifth incarnation of Vishnu, a dwarf (6). 10. The seventh incarnation of Vishnu (4).

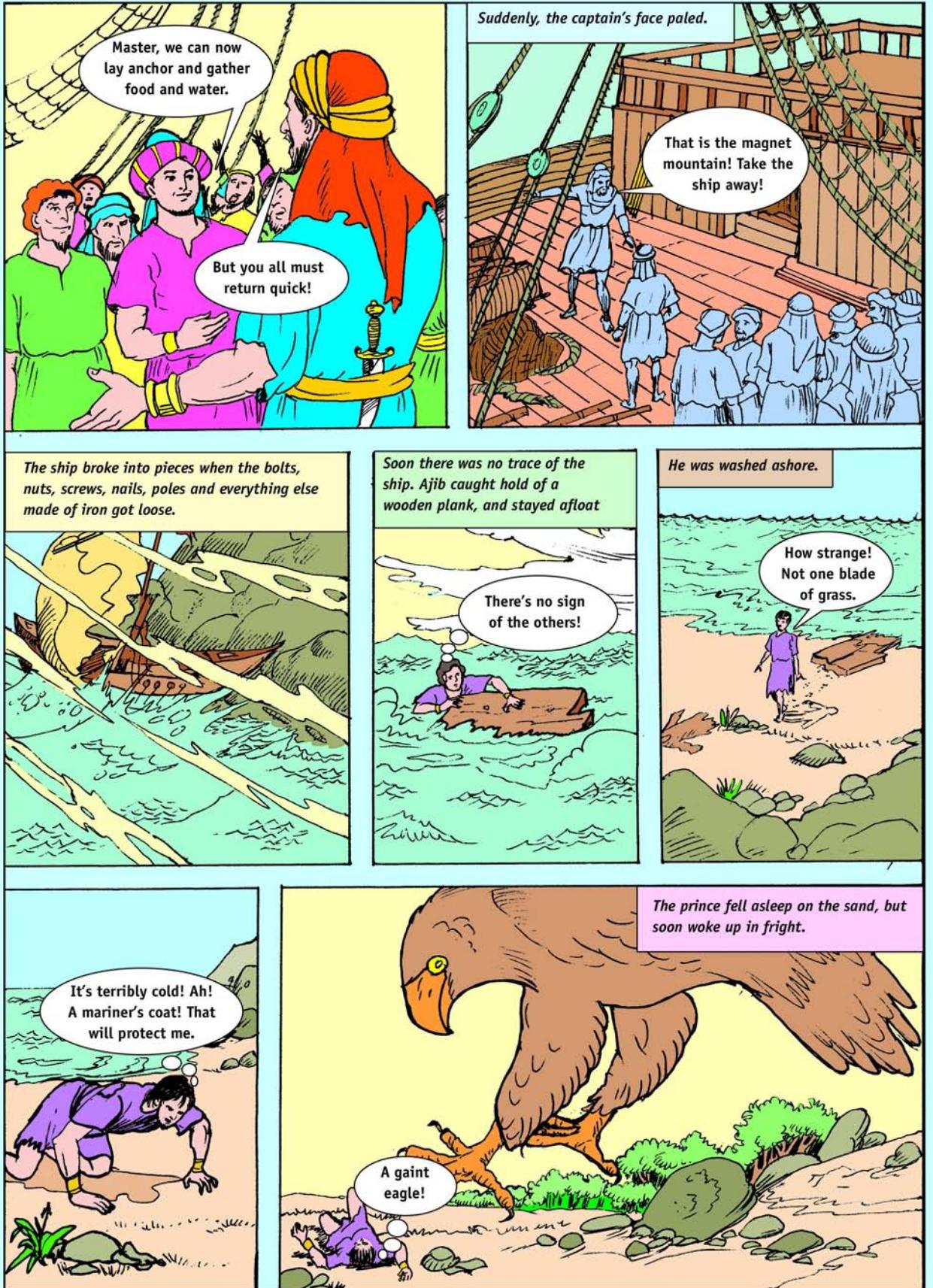
The Arabian Nights



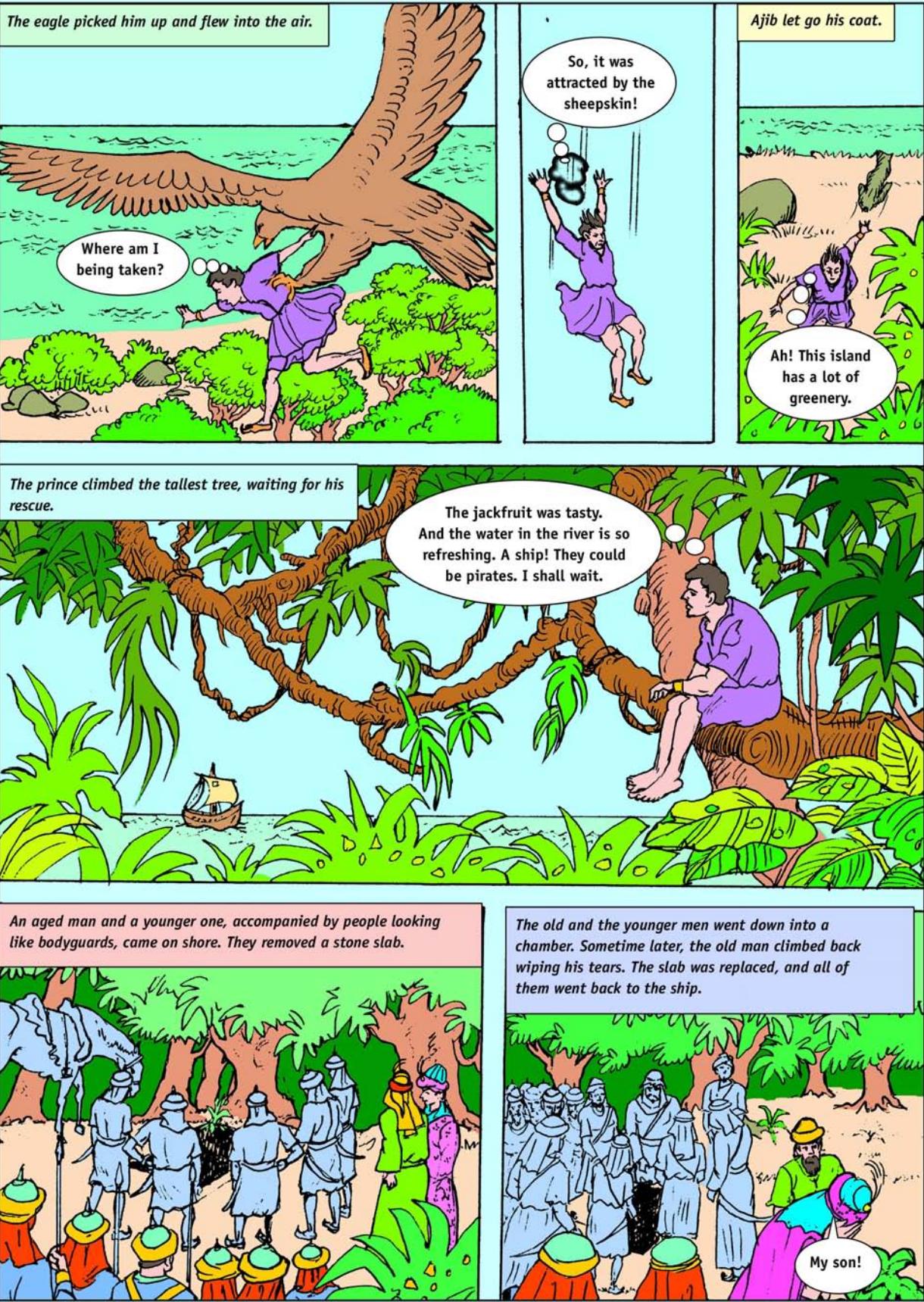
THE PROPHETY



The Arabian Nights



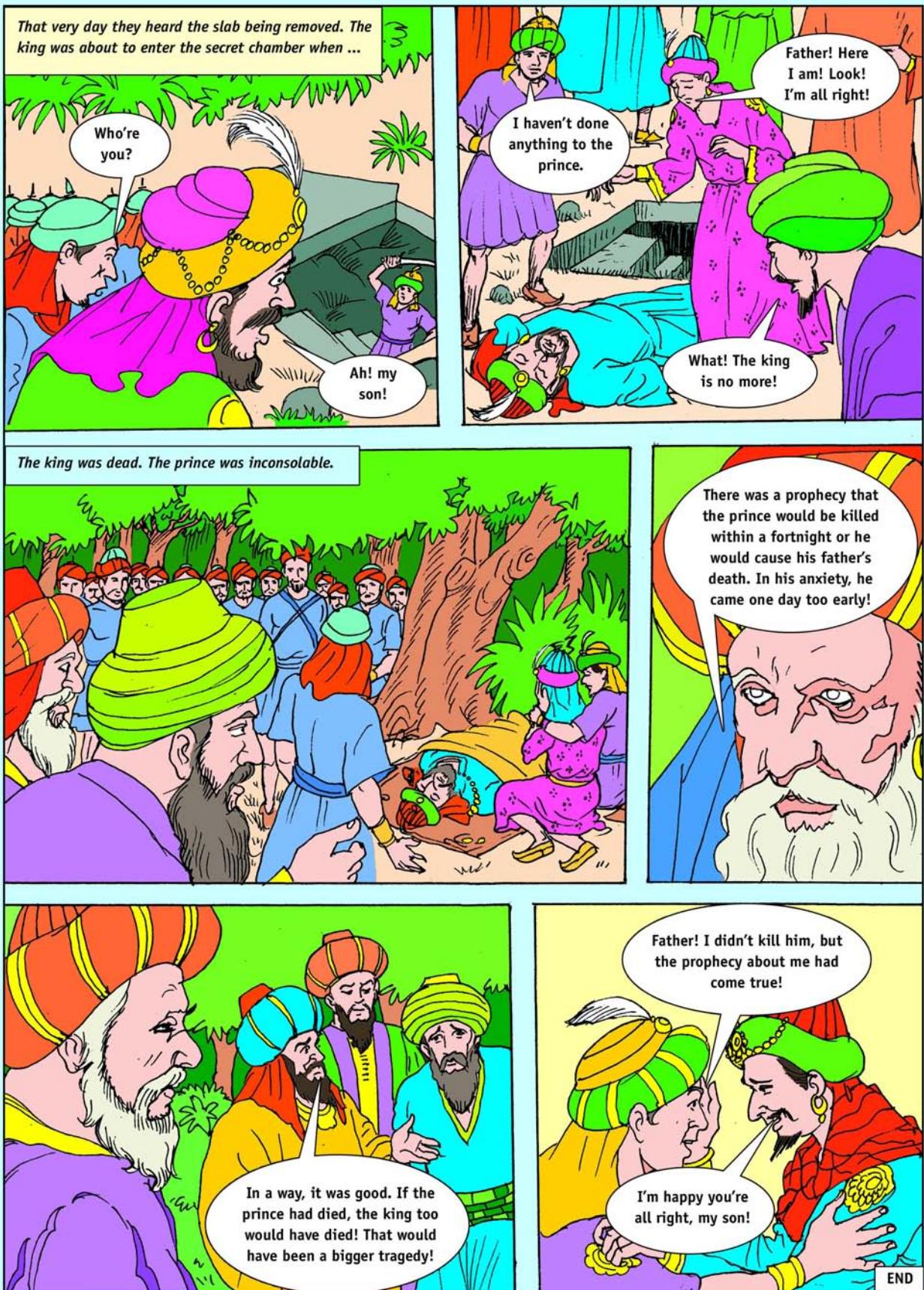
THE PROPHET



The Arabian Nights



THE PROPHECY



GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM

The Gundharva couple carried the child to Indra's abode. "We found this wonderful baby on the banks of the Tamasa, in a dense forest. We don't know anything about its parentage, but we would love to nurse it with your approval," Champak told Indra.

Indra looked at the child and smiled.

"This is born of the emanations of Vishnu and Lakshmi. Turvasu, the son of King Yayati, is destined to adopt the child. Go and leave the child where you found it," advised Indra.

"Can't the course of destiny be altered? Suppose if we bring up the babe?" asked Madalasa.

"I assure you that we'll never neglect taking care of the child," said Champak, strengthening his wife's plea.

"How do you think of going against what has already

been ordained? It was necessary for the child to be shifted from the river-bank for a while because some wild elephants were coming its way. Now the horde has gone away from that area. I tell you once again: go and leave the child wherver you found it," said Indra.

Champak and Madalasa did as directed by Indra.

King Turvasu, through his meditation, pleased Vishnu. Appearing before him, Vishnu asked, "What is the boon you ask for?"

"The boon of a son, O Lord!" Turvasu replied in extreme humility.

"You'll get the child that is born of my emanation. Proceed at once to the bank of Tamasa where it meets river Kalindi. It should not be difficult for you to trace the child," said Vishnu.

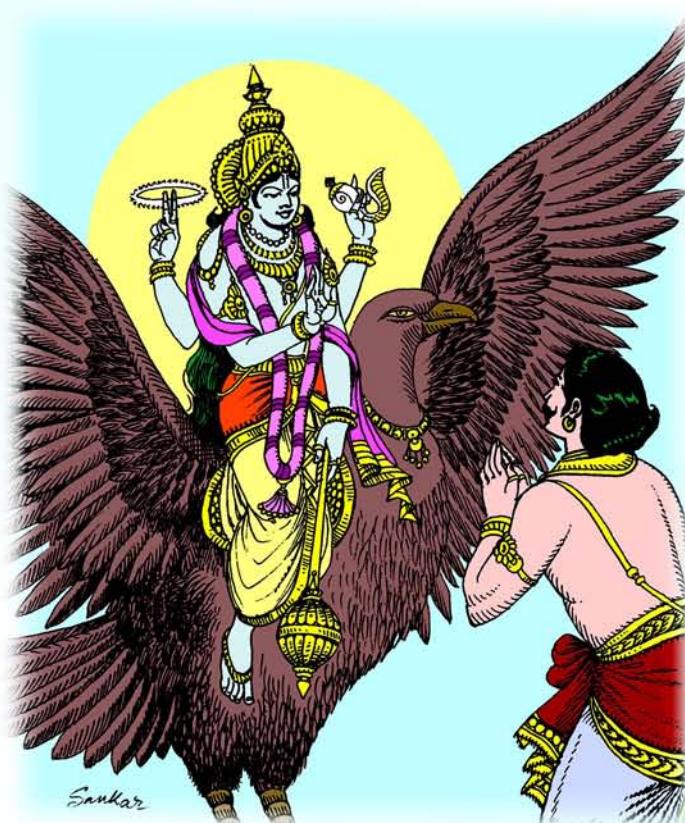
Turvasu was delighted. As soon as Vishnu disappeared, he reached the river-bank and saw the child. He could not take his eyes away.

"My child, it is Vishnu's Grace that has given you to me," said Turvasu as he took the child up. He hurried to his palace. The capital of King Turvasu went festive. The queen's joy knew no bounds.

The child bore two names, Haihaya and Ekvir. He grew up to be a brilliant prince, mastering on one hand the laws of ethics and the principles of ruling a kingdom, and on the other the science of warfare.

King Turvasu and his queen made the prince ascend the throne and left for the forest, to pass their remaining days in meditation.

The young king, Ekvir, ruled his kingdom justly and wisely. The subjects prospered. There were demons in the forests, but they were quite scared of the young king. They did not dare disturb his subjects. Bandits and thieves totally disappeared. The people roamed about without any fear.



29. A BOON GRANTED



One day, while taking a stroll along the banks of the Ganga, Ekvir saw a beautiful woman standing alone, looking remorseful.

"Are you a human being or a nymph? What ails you? Should you be pleased to tell me what your problem is, I'll do my best to find a solution," said Ekvir.

"I am Yasowati, an inmate in the palace of the good king Ravya and queen Rukmarekha. The royal couple once performed a Yajna and received from the sacred fire a daughter-like a charming doll of gold. She brought great joy to all. The priest named her Ekavali. He asked the king to teach her everything in which a prince is usually trained.

"Princess Ekavali grew up into a beautiful young lady. She was extremely courageous. My father is King Ravya's minister. I'm one of the intimate friends of Princess Ekavali.

"The princess loves the hundred-petalled lotuses very much. She would often come in quest of them in the lakes in the forest.

"The king created four lakes inside the compound of

the palace and grew lotuses in them. He forbade the princess to go into the forest.

"But the princess did not give up the habit of wandering in the forest. At the earliest opportunity she would sneak into the wilderness along with myself and a few others.

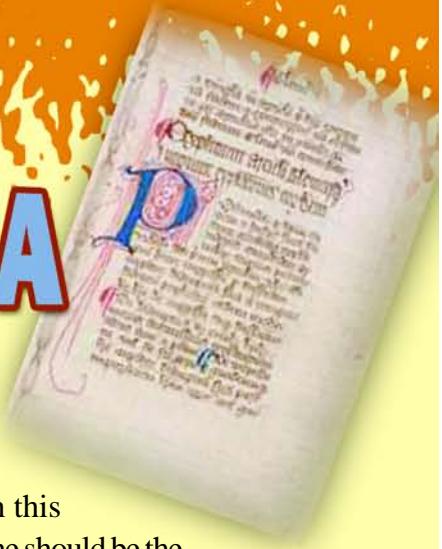
"On learning of this practice of the princess, the king set apart a battalion of soldiers to safeguard her. "One day we came to a wondrous spot on the river-bank. We met a group of nymphs. They were bathing in the river. They invited the princess to join them. The princess accordingly entered the water while we stood on the bank. Behind us stood the soldiers.

"Suddenly there appeared the infamous demon Kalaketu. I signalled to the princess to be on her guard. She came out of the water and hid behind us. The nymphs flew away instantly.

"But the demon had spotted the princess. He dragged her away from our company. On hearing our shrieks, the bodyguards rushed upon the demon, but in vain. The demon had killed them all in no time." (**To continue**)



MAGNA CARTA



In early days, there was no organized society, no king, no chieftain.

Then came the concept of chieftain. He was the best man of the clan in every way. He was bold, quick to take decisions, led the clan from the front. His leadership commanded respect from the followers. But he had no right to transfer his title to his son. When he could no longer lead, the rest of the members got together to decide who should be the new chief.

This system continued, for quite a long time.

Then came a subtle change. A powerful chieftain decided that his son would succeed him. He made those close to him agree to the idea. He was good at selling the

idea. He floated a theory. The chieftain, he said, is God's own man on this earth. It was God's will that he should be the chief. It was his will that should prevail when it came to who should succeed him. The members of the clan accepted that theory. Thus came into existence the system of royalty. The king became very powerful. His will became the law. No longer did he owe his position to ability and competence. He owed it to heredity. Those who stood with him were favoured. Those who opposed him were exiled; or put behind bars. A few of them were even executed.

This idea of kingship was very strong when John took over as the King of England in early 13th century. He was self-willed. He believed, fully, in what was called the divine right of kings. Everything might have gone well for him but for some serious misadventures. He fought a war and lost. He was deprived of Anjou, a rich territory. The revenue the King received was substantial. The loss hurt the King's treasury. He faced financial trouble. Where could he turn for funds? John did not know.

John had a problem with the Pope, too. The King wanted his man to be the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Pope claimed the right to nominate the chief of the church. The Pope would not let go of his power. In 1209, the Pope excommunicated John. The Pope also nudged some of the European nations to attack England in 1212. John sensed deep trouble. He did not have the strength to defend the land. So, he negotiated a peace agreement. He declared England and Ireland as Papal territory. The land was rented back to John by the Pope. In return John agreed to pay an annual tithe or payment.

The King now needed funds for paying the Pope. He decided to tax the barons. He increased taxes

several-fold. The barons protested. They were already paying a large share of their income to the King's treasury. They said they would not pay more. The King refused to scrap the increased levy. The barons got together. They decided they would not yield. The King was taken aback. He told them of his rights. They spoke about their needs and demands. He threatened them with dire consequences. They ignored the threats. They gathered their men, armed them and kept them in readiness. They questioned the divine right of Kingship. "Give us our right to live," they pleaded. "Do that and we shall respect your office. If not, we shall rise in revolt."

On June 10, 1215, the barons swept into London with their men. They pinned the King down. They pressed on him a charter of demand. The King tried to avoid signing the document. But the barons were united. They forced their will on the King. He signed the document, finally, on June 15, 1212. The King's powers were clipped. He could no longer run the nation as he liked. They included a clause in the Magna Carta or the Grand Paper. A council of 25 barons could meet at any time. They could debate every decision taken by the King. They could over rule the King. The King felt terribly insulted and humiliated. Yet he was helpless. He agreed. The barons, in turn, pledged loyalty to the King. Then they went back to their estates.

Hardly had they returned home when came the news that the King had scrapped the Magna Carta. The barons felt cheated. How could the King do that? How could one who claimed to be the God's own man on this earth go back on solemn pledges? The King fell in their eyes.

No longer did they hold him in respect. He did not deserve their loyalty, they concluded.

What could they do? Some of them took to arms. The nation was plunged in a civil war. Chaos prevailed. Nobody knew what was happening. The state of anarchy might have continued but for the death of King John in October 1216. His son was crowned as King Henry III. The young King signed the Magna Carta. It was reissued. The barons felt pleased. They had proved, for once, that no ruler could take his rights for granted.



The Magna Carta marks a major moment of reformation. Over the centuries, there were several conflicts between the King and the people. Each struggle left the people stronger. Today, monarchy survives in England. But the ruler is only a titular head. The Queen has to go by the decisions of the elected government.

Magna Carta was the first bold move of the people to have a say in how the State should be managed. It is, therefore, viewed today as the historic moment of evolution of the quest of people for democracy.

- R.K. Murthi



A WONDER MEDICINE

Once, there was acute famine in the kingdom of Udayagiri due to successive failure of monsoon. The king could not think of a plan to meet the crisis. At last, a crazy idea occurred to him. He summoned his ministers and officials to his court and revealed his plan to them. "I've found a good solution to the present problem. There is an acute shortage of food right now. If one of our physicians can find out a medicine to suppress hunger completely, the problem of famine will be solved."

The courtiers chose to remain silent since it occurred to them that it was not at all practical. However, the chief minister came forward and said, "Pardon me, Your Majesty! To find such a medicine is impossible. Even if it were found, it would only give undesirable results."

The king became furious. "How dare you find fault with my plan? Your duty is to obey and execute my order!" Thereafter nobody dared speak anything.

The king continued: "All right! This is my order: all our physicians should work together to find out the wonder medicine to suppress hunger within a period of one month!"

The physicians of Udayagiri were utterly

dismayed to hear his pronouncement, because they knew that it was next to impossible. One month passed away. The king summoned all the physicians to his court. The royal physician murmured, "Sir, we've failed to find out a medicine as ordered by you!" and hung his head in fear.

"Then, all of you will be put behind bars!" roared the king. Then there entered an old man! He introduced himself as a physician from a nearby kingdom. "O king! I heard about the wonder medicine you want! I'm glad to tell you that I have one with me! I shall stay in your kingdom and distribute the medicine to all the persons. I request you not to imprison these poor physicians!"

The king was extremely pleased. He turned towards his physicians and scorned them. "You're all totally incompetent! This great physician from our neighbouring kingdom has outsmarted you all!" After rewarding the old physician, he told him to distribute the medicine to everyone except the members of the royal family.

After a month or so, the king came to know that all his subjects had partaken of the wonder medicine and lost their appetite completely. He

felt very much elated to find that his idea had proved effective. But his joy was short lived when he came to know from the chief cook of the palace about the disruption of arrival of food grains, pulses and vegetables to the palace. The king summoned the chief minister at once and wanted to know the reason. He replied, "Sir! Farmers have stopped working completely. Since they have lost appetite, there is no need for them to toil hard anymore."

The king was disturbed to hear that. After a few days, garments, clothes, and other essential materials also stopped coming to the palace. The minister gave the same reply that none of the artisans were motivated to work. Since there was no need for food, they had lost the desire to work for their food. The king became a bit anxious. After a few months, he was told by the chief minister that the people were engaged in unlawful activities, like gambling, besides taking to drugs. Earlier people were spending a major part of their income on food. Since there was no need for food, they were now spending their money in wayward activities. For the first time, the king started realizing that his idea was giving undesirable results. However, he ordered the chief minister to call his army and arrest all the unruly citizens. He was shocked to hear that most of the soldiers had deserted the army since there

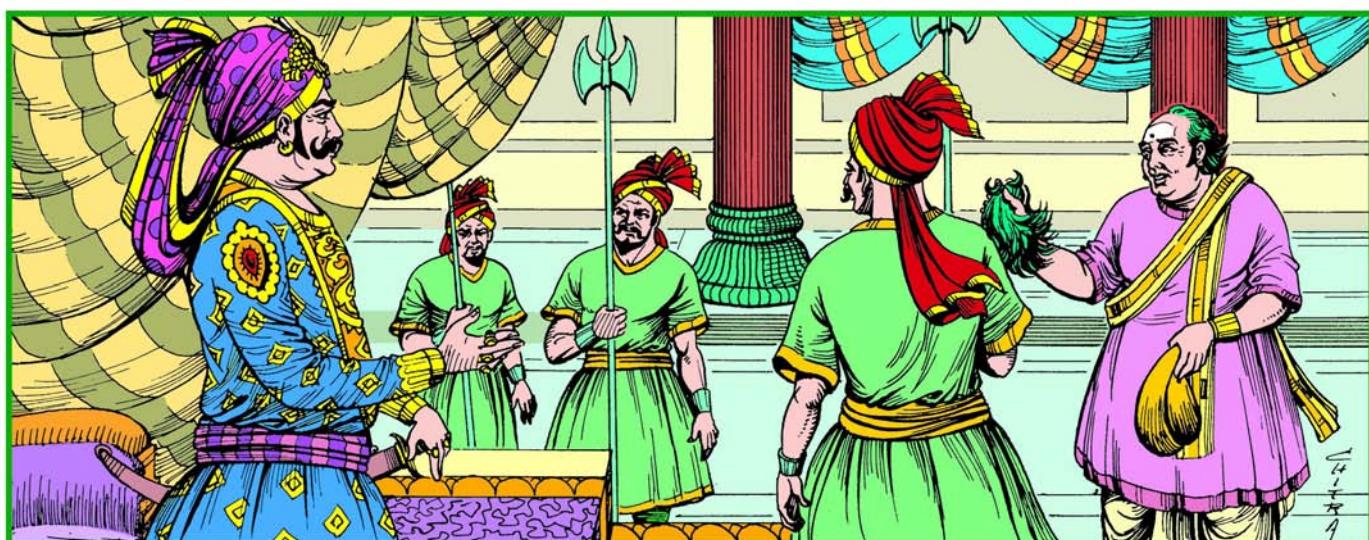
was no motivation to work. Misfortunes never come alone. So it was, when the king learnt that his enemies had laid a siege to his fort and there were no soldiers in the king's army to confront them.

Before he could take stock of the situation, the enemies barged into his palace and captured him. The king was in utter despair. He wailed loudly, 'Had I listened to the advice of my wise chief minister, this would not have happened!'

Suddenly, the old physician appeared in front of the king and said, "I'm happy to know that you've realized your mistake at least now!" The king could not believe his eyes when the physician removed his disguise. He was none other than the chief minister.

"Forgive me, Your Majesty!" said the chief minister as he bowed to the king. "These are not our enemies, but our own men. The farmers, the artisans, the soldiers and all of us are doing our duty properly. None of us has taken the so called wonder medicine. In fact, the medicine was a hoax. Everything was stage-managed to make you realize that your plan was not practical. I had taken the disguise of an old physician, as you have found out now. Sorry that I had to do all these!"

The king, who was already regretting his stupid idea, thanked him instead.





You're never too old to do goofy stuff.

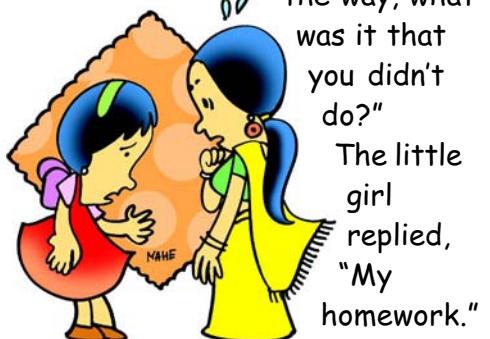
- Ward Cleaver

A little girl came home from school and said to her mother, "Mom, today in school I was punished for something that I didn't do."

The mother exclaimed, "But that's terrible! I'm going to have a talk with your teacher about this ... by

"By the way, what was it that you didn't do?"

The little girl replied, "My homework."



LAUGH TILL YOU DROP!



"I just came to hook up your phone."

An army man just got promoted and he wanted to impress a younger army man. When he came in the room he picked up the phone and said, "Yes General, I will deliver that message to the President today afternoon." He hung up and said, "What do you want?" The younger army man said,

One day, a lady walked out of her house and looked into the mailbox, slammed it shut and walked back to her house. Two minutes later, she did the same thing and another 3 minutes later she walked out of her house and her neighbour asked her, "Are you OK?" She said, "No! My computer keeps telling me that I have mail!"



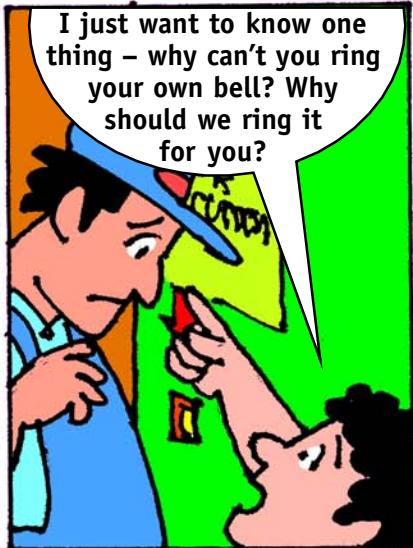
DUSHTU DATTU



While exploring the museum, Dattu is baffled by a notice ...



Yes, what do you want?



I just want to know one thing – why can't you ring your own bell? Why should we ring it for you?

HE DARED INTO THE UNKNOWN



Long ago there lived a brave young adventurer. A very strange and weird man was he. Once he was camping in a forest believed to be infested with vampires. He wanted to make a thorough scientific study of these deadly creatures. But he thought his valuable research would finally remain incomplete until he had the experience of being attacked by one. "I had often wished to have been once sucked by a vampire in order that I might have it in my power to say it had really happened to me," he wrote. "...Many a night have I slept with my foot out of the hammock to tempt the winged surgeon, expecting that he would be there, but it was all in vain; the vampire never sucked me..."

But it seems the vampire had a go at his poor servant until he became too frail to perform his duties. "His toe held all the attractions!" bitterly complained the woefully unbitten master.

Who was this eccentric and fearless traveller? He was none other than the unassuming Charles Waterton, born on June 3, 1782 in Yorkshire, England. He was the 27th Lord of Walton Hall and was always known throughout his life as Squire Waterton. In fact, he seems to have descended from an ancient and noble family and his ancestors were related to some royal houses in Europe. One of them reportedly finds mention in William Shakespeare's play, *Richard II*.

While in school, Charles developed a

keen interest in natural history which gradually grew day by day. In 1804, at the age of twenty-two, he set off across the Atlantic Ocean to British Guyana on the northern coast of South America. He was sent there to manage the plantations that belonged to his family. But he was more attracted to the flora and fauna of the country than to the fields where almost a thousand slaves worked to produce coffee, sugar and cotton. Least interested in the luxuries of an estate owner, he now dreamt of exploring the wild unknown interior of this tropical land. Before long he ventured into the hot, dangerous malaria-ridden jungles, barefoot and bareheaded.

"I never go encumbered with many clothes...shoes and stockings I seldom had on," he said. "In dry weather they would have irritated the feet and retarded me in the chase of wild beasts; and in the rainy season they would have kept me in perpetual state of damp and moisture. I eat moderately, and never drink wine, spirits or fermented liquors in any climate." He rested in a hammock hung between two trees with a waterproof sheet fixed over it to escape the rain.

So in a little canoe, paddled by several local tribes he made his way up the flooded river through torrential rains and storms. Nothing could deter this daring explorer in his quest for



adventure and specimens of birds, animals, plants and a strange substance called curare. He reached the highlands of Guyana, the habitat of the South American tribe, the Macoushi. These natives prepared the extremely powerful poison curare, which they called *wourali*, after the vine which was the principal ingredient. Besides this basic plant, two kinds of ants with vicious stings, pepper and fangs of deadly snakes were added to this deadly concoction.

The natives used this poison paste to tip the arrows of their blow-guns and the bow, turning them into lethal weapons. The potency of the poison was usually tested by counting the number of leaps a frog would take after being pricked by it. Experiments showed that this substance brought about death by acting as a powerful muscle relaxant, and the flesh of the animal remained wholesome and edible. It was Waterton who supposedly first brought a large quantity of the wonder drug and its know-how to Europe and to civilisation. But he was not to know that later, around the mid-20th century, curare would prove to be one of the vital applications in modern medical science. Besides being used in certain disorders, it is a primary component in anesthesia, causing extreme muscular relaxation required for surgery.

As they rowed along the rapid river, a cayman or alligator stealthily glided past the small vessel. The Squire very much wanted to capture it. One morning it was finally caught with a baited hook at the end of the rope. It was ten-and-a-half feet long. In order to avoid killing it, the explorer went out onto the river while his seven native attendants held on to the rope on the shore. The beast was angry and violently lashed its tail trying to get itself free. Slowly the explorer edged his canoe close to the reptile.

"By the time the cayman was within two yards of me," wrote Waterton, "I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation. I instantly dropped the mast, sprung up and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with

my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore-legs, and with great force twisted them back; thus they served me for a bridle."

The Squire's men now roaring with triumphant guffaws hauled their master on his extraordinary steed full forty yards on the sandy shore. "After repeated attempts to regain his liberty," continued the Squire, "the cayman gave in and became tranquil through exhaustion. I now managed to tie up his jaws and firmly secured his fore-feet in the position I had held them."

This dynamic young explorer had many fearless encounters with dangerous snakes of the region and even captured them with his bare hands. Once he grabbed the tail of a boa 10ft long. The furious reptile attacked him. But the Squire was quick enough to land a blow on its jaw and the snake fell back dazed and was knocked out. Then allowing the half conscious snake to coil itself around his body, the triumphant hero marched off.

Charles Waterton found his several journeys to these unexplored regions "a grand feast for the eyes and ears of the ornithologist". Often he gave his own names to the various birds and animals he came across in these jungles. "...The houtou, a solitary bird and found only in the thickest recesses of the forest, distinctly articulates 'houtou, houtou' in a low and plaintive tone an hour before sunrise.... Every now and then the maam or tinamou sends for the one long and plaintive whistle from the depths of the forest, and then stops; whilst the yelping of the toucan and the shrill voice of the bird called pi-pi-yo is heard during the interval....From six to nine in the morning the forests resound with the mingled cries and strains of the feathered race, after this they gradually die away."

"In order to pick up matter for natural history, I have wandered through the wildest parts of South America's equatorial regions. I have attacked and slain a python, and rode on the back of a cayman close to the water's edge.... Alone and barefoot I have pulled poisonous snakes out of their lurking-

places; climbed up trees to peep into holes for bats and vampires, and for days together hastened through sun and rain to the thickest parts of the forest to procure specimens I had never got earlier. In fine, I have pursued the wild beasts over hill and dale, through swamps and quagmires, now scorched by the noon-day sun, now drenched by the pelting shower, and returned to the hammock to satisfy the cravings of hunger, often on a poor and scanty supper."

This was Charles Waterton, tireless traveller, great naturalist and conservationist summing up his four eventful journeys to the unknown jungles of British Guyana. Finally, in the 1920s he returned to his home in Yorkshire, England at Walton Hall. He then set about managing his estate for the next four decades as a protected environment for wildlife. This was, in fact, the world's very first nature reserve. He recorded around 123 species of birds in Walton Park. He also set up a museum in Wakefield displaying his collection of preserved birds and animals. He, too, invented what was known as the Waterton taxidermy method, a way of preserving birds and animals without stuffing them. But his most popular collection is the caricatures he made using parts of different animals.

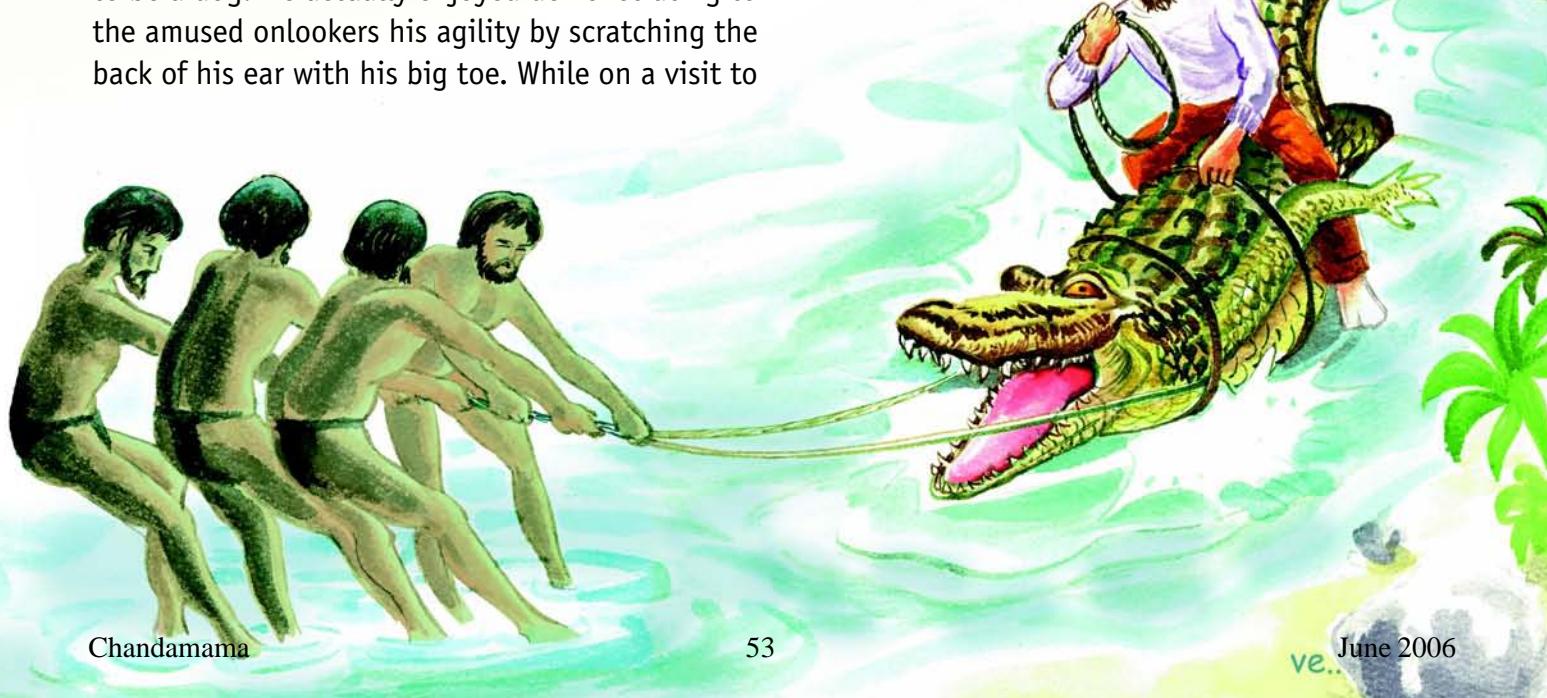
One day Waterton sat under the table pretending to be a dog. He actually enjoyed demonstrating to the amused onlookers his agility by scratching the back of his ear with his big toe. While on a visit to

Rome, he climbed right to the top of St. Peter's and hung a pair of gloves on the tip of the lightning conductor. Obviously, the priests were annoyed and ordered their men to remove them at once. But none had the ability or the courage to perform the task. So the Squire had to be approached for possible help. He obliged without hesitation and ascending once again dislodged the offending gloves to the cheers of the great gathering below.

At the age of 47 he married a girl thirty years younger to him. The marriage was a loving and happy one but tragically short. For, merely a year later his wife died after giving birth to their son. For the rest of his life Waterton vowed to sleep on the floor and his pillow was a block of wood with a slight hollow for the head.

Even in his early eighties, he had retained his boundless health and showed remarkable agility to climb trees and perform strange feats. It was in 1865, at the age of 83, that this enigmatic wanderer died as a result of a fall. According to his fond wish, he was buried at a spot beside the lake between two large oak trees.

(AKD)

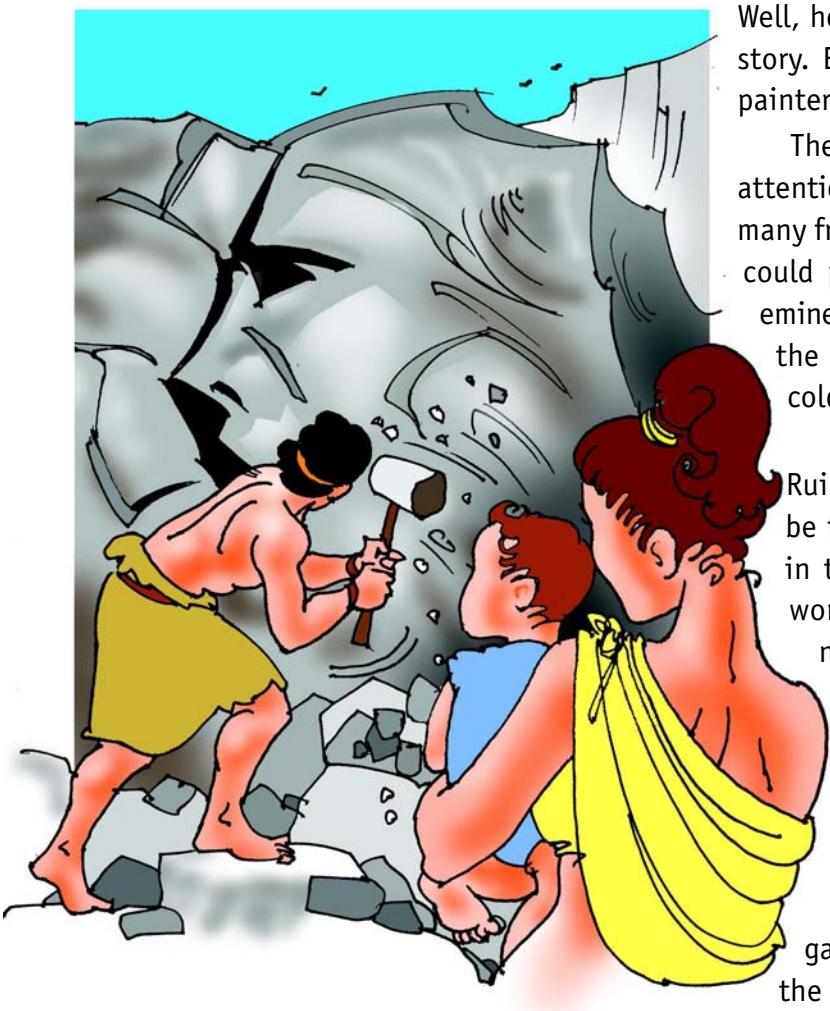




THE GREAT SCULPTOR AND HIS EARLY CRITICS

Who does not know that Michelangelo (1475- 1564) of Italy was one of the greatest sculptors that ever lived? Tens of thousands of people gaze at his works on the walls and ceilings of chapels and inside museums in Rome and marvel at their magnificence. Hundreds of books on art carry their photographs. The whole of Europe feels proud of him.

When he was a child, his nurse often held him in her arms and stood near a quarry in which her husband worked as a stone-cutter. The little boy observed his work as layers fell off boulders. He saw designs in the changing shapes of stones. One day he took up an instrument and started creating a design of his own choice out of a slab.



Well, how he developed into a great sculptor is a long story. By the way, he was not only a sculptor, but a painter and a poet as well.

The society of his time, however, did not pay much attention to his works. He was poor. He did not have many friends in the influential sections of society who could praise him before the nobility and bring him eminence. Nevertheless, he laboured on and requested the critics to evaluate his sculptures. The critics cold-shouldered him.

As you know, Rome is a city of great antiquity. Ruins of monuments going back to centuries can be found there. Once an excavation was going on in the suburbs, close to a buried temple. As the workers were digging, Michelangelo who stood nearby shouted, saying, "I can see the head of a delicate figure under the earth. Be careful."

Carefully did the workers dig out the complete sculpture, a charming human figure. The news spread in no time and hundreds of people including well-known lovers of art, critics and wealthy collectors of antiques gathered there. They failed in their words to praise the beauty of the new-found object. "What a great

artist of yore made this!" said one. "We do not have anything nearer this during our time!" said another.

Many were eager to acquire it. But the Cardinal of San Giorgio offered the highest amount and was about to take it to his church.

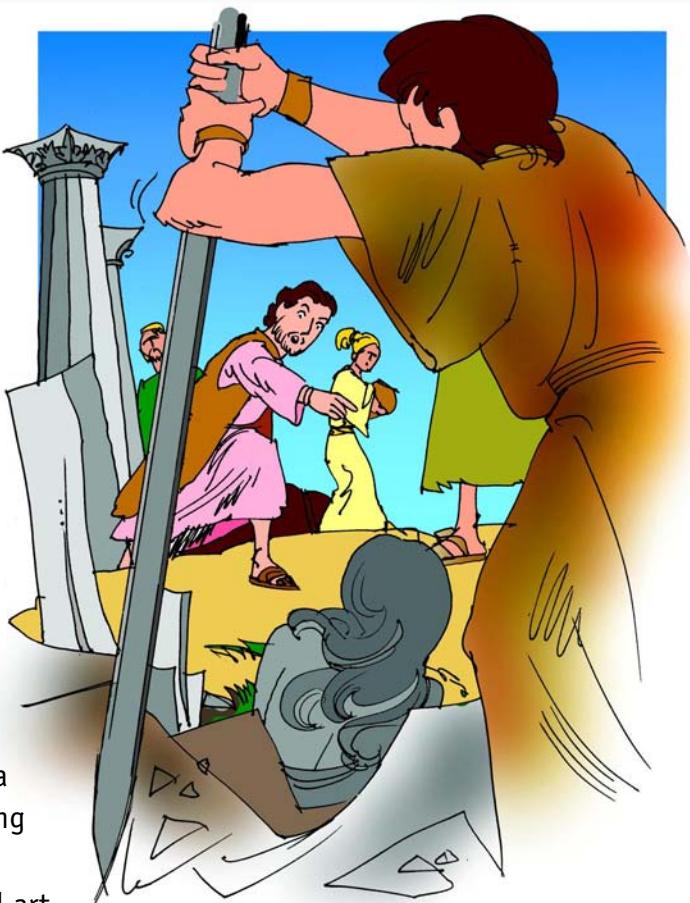
"O young sculptor, you too should dream of creating something of this excellence!" commented a critic, looking at Michelangelo. "Indeed, if you dream big, you can at least achieve to a small degree the excellence this one shows," added another.

"Indeed, I did dream and create this one!" announced the sculptor.

"What do you mean?" demanded several curious voices.

Quietly Michelangelo drew their attention to his insignia at the bottom of the sculpture. Not only that, he even brought a replica of it from his home! Then he confessed to colouring the sculpture in a manner so that it would appear to be pretty old burying it near the ancient ruins at night.

The period of embarrassment over, the critics and art-lovers acknowledged the genius of Michelangelo. No longer was he overlooked. (*M.D.*)



BOOK OF NATURE



"You read history in books. But in olden times, when men did not exist, surely no books could have been written. How then can we find out what happened then?... Although we have no books written in those far off days, fortunately we have some things which tell us a great deal as well almost as a book would. We have rocks and mountains and seas and stars and rivers and deserts and fossils of old animals. These and other similar things are our books for the earth's early story. And the real way to understand this story is not merely to read about it in other people's books, but to go to the great Book of Nature itself... Imagine how fascinating it is! Every little stone that you see lying on the road or on the mountain side might be a little page in nature's book and be able to tell you something if only you knew how to read it."

- Jawaharlal Nehru

(*Letters from a Father to his Daughter*)



THE HAUNTED HOUSE

Verma and his wife Vani led a simple and contented life in a village. Both were very affectionate to each other.

On a rainy night, Verma heard a knock at the door. When he opened it, he saw a young couple completely drenched. The young woman said, "We were on our way to a nearby village when it started raining all of a sudden. We are perfect strangers here. We shall be highly obliged if you'll give us shelter for the night."

Being kind-hearted, Varma and Vani took pity on them. They offered new clothes, gave them food and provided them with beds.

When Vani and Verma woke up next day, they were startled to hear someone sobbing. The young woman was crying. She lamented: "Last night when we went to bed, my husband remarked what an ideal couple you are! He compared your wife with me and called me a devil in comparison with your wife. We had a bitter quarrel, following which he left me to my fate."

Vani consoled her. "Don't worry! My husband would try to bring him back. Until that time, you can stay with us!" The young woman then introduced herself as Chandramathi and said Haridas had deserted her without any mercy.

Verma went in search of Haridas everywhere but to no avail. Vani offered asylum to Chandramathi in her house. She took charge of all household chores. Gradually, she was treated like a family member.

One day, Verma's childhood friend Murali came on a visit. He used to come frequently and stay with them for a few days. He was surprised to find a new member and was curious to know all about her.

After dinner, everyone went to sleep. Verma and Vani chose to sleep in their bedroom and Chandramathi went to sleep in the hall. Murali placed a cot in the garden and slept there. At midnight, he woke up on hearing some noise. To his surprise, he found Chandramathi talking to someone softly in the backyard. He went near and found the young lady pushing a plate of food through the kitchen window to a stranger, who grabbed it and ate greedily. Then he whispered to her, "How long should I suffer like this? Get hold of the almirah keys! We shall then take the money and run away!"

Chandramathi whispered back. "Be patient for some more time. I shall surely get the keys!" Murali at once understood that the stranger was none other than Haridas and that the wily couple

had indeed hatched a plot to rob poor Verma. However, he did not want to expose them immediately but resolved to foil their wicked plan. He went back and slept quietly.

The next day, he remarked with some excitement, "My god! Verma, I never knew this is a haunted house. Last night, I saw a ghost wandering in your garden. It was wearing anklets which made an eerie tinkling sound!"

All the three were shocked to hear that. Murali continued, "Don't worry! I'll try to drive it out!" Chandramathi was now all the more nervous in doubting whether he was actually alluding to her husband. In the mean time, Murali secretly procured an anklet from the market.

At midnight, Murali went to the backyard and knocked at the door. Chandramathi at once got up and thought that it was her husband. She rushed to the kitchen, opened the window and peeped through. Murali shook the anklets and made some strange sounds. Chandramathi was at once terribly scared. "Ghost! Ghost!!"

Both Verma and Vani woke up and rushed towards the kitchen. They found the young lady terror-stricken and too shocked to speak. Murali joined them and assured them that the ghost would not dare come again. Then they went back to sleep. After sometime, when Haridas came and knocked at the door, Chandramathi was too scared even to get up. He went away

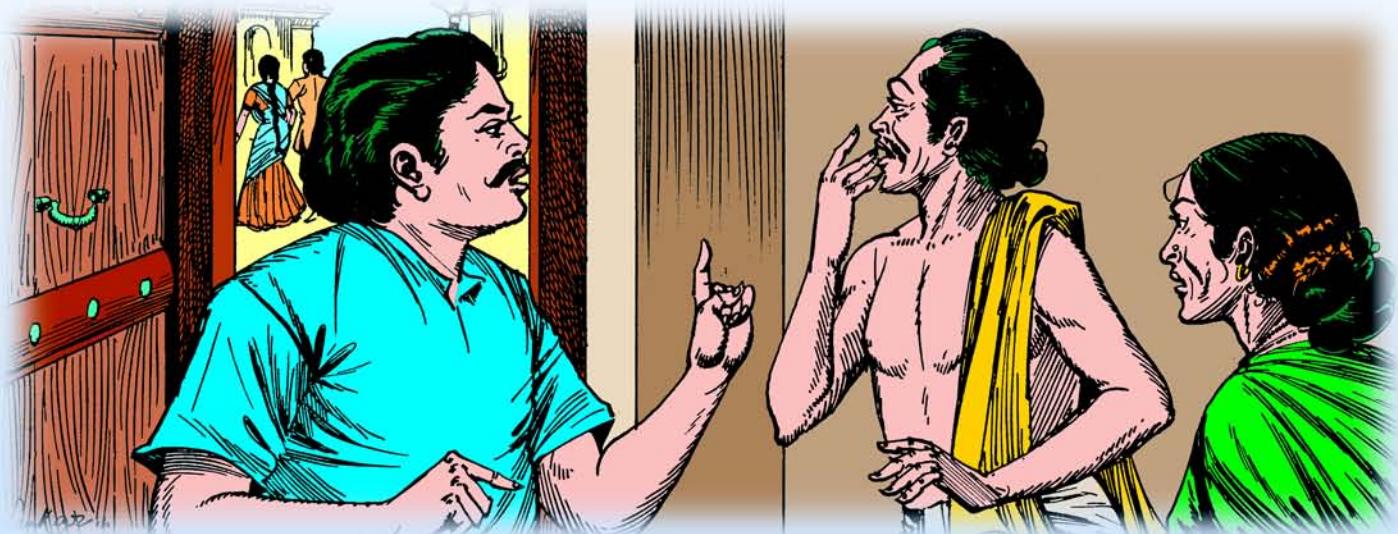
disappointed. Thereafter, they would regularly hear the eerie sound of anklets at night and Chandramathi did not venture anymore to get up. Poor Haridas, who did not know all this drama, was frustrated over his wife's failure to turn up near the kitchen window.

One night, when Haridas was waiting near the house, he was startled when someone patted his shoulder. It was Murali. "Hello friend!" said Murali.

"You don't know me! But I know you. I also know that you are anxious to see your wife Chandramathi. You must be annoyed that nowadays she does not come out to meet you. You'll be shocked to know the reason. She is planning to marry Verma. If you don't act in time, she'll be lost for ever. I'm Murali, a friend of Verma! Take my warning seriously!"

Next day, Haridas made a sudden appearance. He told Verma, "I'm sorry for my rude behaviour to my wife. Now I want to take her back!" He thanked Verma and Vani for their hospitality.

Vani and Verma were dumb-struck. They were very much surprised at the turn of events. They could not make out how Haridas had such a change of heart! They were shocked to know when Murali explained to them about the plot hatched by the young couple and how he had foiled it in time.





STILL ENJOYING YOUR HOLIDAYS?

Some of you must have already plotted out your STORY or decided on the theme for the PAINTING for the Children's Special issue of Chandamama (November 2006) (Look for details in the April 2006 issue)

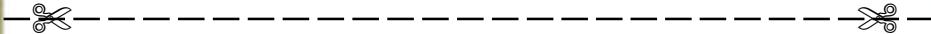
PRIZES OFFERED:

Stories - Rs 500 for a story selected for publication

Paintings - 1st Prize Rs 500; 2nd Prize Rs 300;

Three Consolation Prizes : Rs 200 each.

- ❖ Your original, unpublished story can be in any one of the 13 languages in which Chandamama is published.
- ❖ The synopsis of the incident on which the painting is made can be in any one of these languages.
- ❖ Your entries should be accompanied by the coupon below; photo copies will not be accepted.



I WISH TO SUBMIT THE FOLLOWING ENTRIES :

STORIES : Title :

1. _____

2. _____

PAINTINGS : Theme :

1. _____

2. _____

Name _____

Date of birth _____ Class _____ School _____

Residence _____

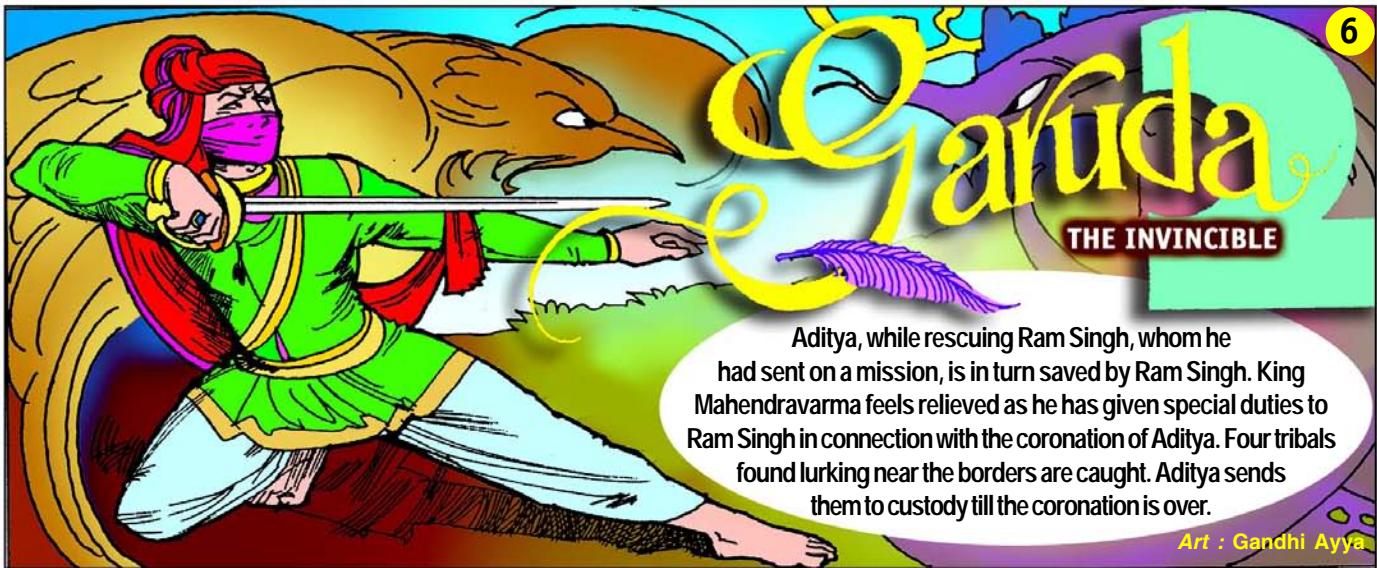
PIN Code _____

CERTIFIED that the entries are the original unaided effort of my son/daughter

Parent

Participant





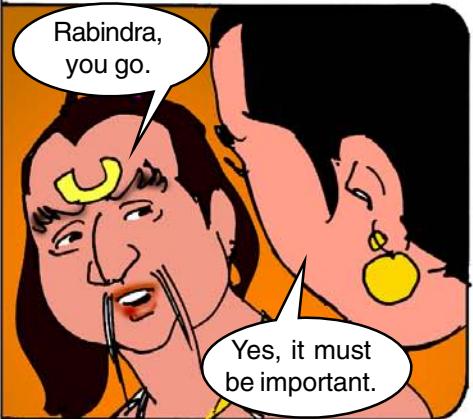
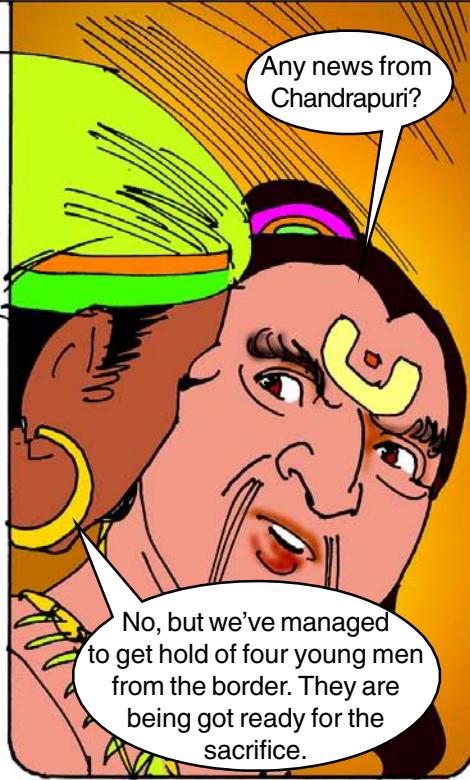
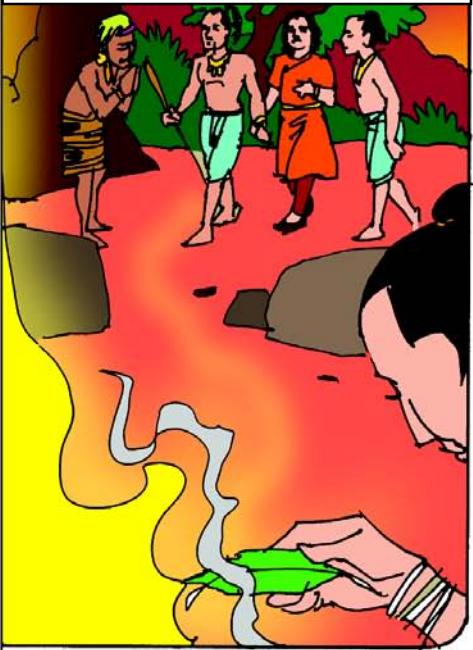
Ram Singh, accompanied by the captain of the bodyguards, comes into Aditya's apartments.







The tribals see the Oracle and Rabindradeva approaching the cave temple. The disciples of Nagabandhu receive them.



CHANDAMAMA QUIZ-6

Co-sponsored by Infosys® FOUNDATION, Bangalore

**All the questions are based on the contents
of the issues of 2005.**

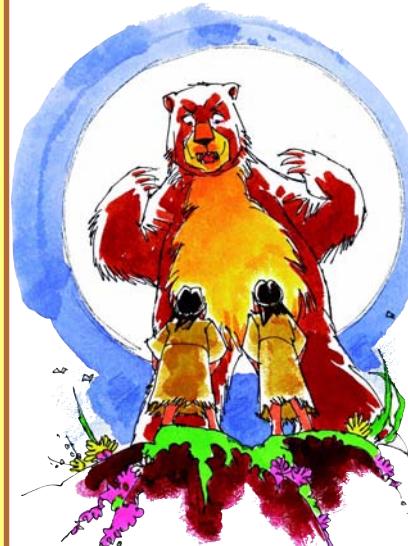
What you should do: 1. Write down the answers; 2. Mention your name, age (you should be below 16), full postal address with PIN Code; 3. Mention your subscriber number, if you are a subscriber; 4. Write on the envelope **CHANDAMAMA QUIZ-6** with your complete address; 5. Mail your entry to reach us by June 30, 2006; 6. The results will be published in the August issue.

1. Who is China's youngest college student? How old is he?
2. "It was foolish of you to have taken on such a challenge. You know that the feat is beyond any man." What is the challenge the speaker is referring to? Who had taken up that challenge?
3. The Zeppelin made passenger flights only for four years. Which years? Why were they discontinued?
4. "I am a thorny, stunted tree. A lot of animals depend on me for their food. I grow in areas which do not have too much water." The tree under reference grows in India, but where?
5. "Your highness, I've never seen a boatsink with people on board." The emperor satisfied his wife's crazy whim. Name the two characters.
6. What is the difference between history and anecdote? What was Bernard Shaw's answer to this question?
7. Which is the largest lizard in India?
8. Enola Gay was an American woman, whose name was remembered for the wrong reason. Why?

AN ALL-CORRECT ENTRY WILL FETCH A CASH PRIZE OF RS 250*

* If there are more than one all-correct entry, a lot will be taken to decide the prizewinner. However, the names of all those who have sent all-correct entries will be published.

9. Can you identify the picture? Mention the title of the story.



WHEN THE FIRST SHOT WAS FIRED

There is this well known fable of the Arab and his camel by Horace E.Scudder. It was a very cold night in the desert and the Arab put up his tent and promptly went to sleep. Suddenly, he was nudged out of his sleep. His camel peeped through the flap and said, his nose was feeling very cold. Could his nose be inside the tent? The Arab took pity and soon the camel's nose was under the tent. The camel did not stop there. He woke up his master who allowed the neck to be inside; then the forelegs, and then all of the animal was inside. When the Arab woke up again, he found himself outside, while the camel had the whole tent for himself!

One is reminded of the Arab and his camel when we recall the fortunes of the English East India Company in the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries. The Company's emissary, Sir Thomas Roe, met Emperor Jehangir and secured permission to establish a factory at Surat on the Gujarat coast. Gradually, trading posts came up on the west and east coasts. The Company's officers and their families took up residence in Bombay, Madras and Calcutta.

These English residents and the various establishments needed protection and safety and, therefore, an army was raised in England. The Englishmen soldiers soon took up position. With the army to back them up, the trading officers expanded their operations. They also found opportunities to meddle in the internal affairs of the several princely rulers of small kingdoms.

Naturally, there were clashes, and wherever the English forces gained victory, they established their rule.

The discontent among the rulers, the people and the Indian recruits in the English army was simmering in the early years of the 19th century which culminated in what came to be called the Indian Mutiny of 1857. One hundred and fifty years have since passed.

Athithi devo bhava – treat the guest as a messenger of god–has been the highest of Indian culture and hoary tradition. India welcomed the foreigners with outstretched hands, but in course of time, they overstepped our hospitality.

The Indian recruits to the English army in the 18th and 19th centuries were known as 'sepoy'. Mangal Pandey was a sepoy of the 34th Native Infantry stationed in Barrackpore. The sepoy there, like in other units in other stations, had been agitated over the greased cartridges given to them to be used in their rifles.

What was their objection? It was rumoured that the cartridges issued to them for the new type of rifle were greased with cow's fat and lard. The sepoy of the Bengal army were mostly men belonging to a high caste hailing from Oudh and the north-western provinces. They had doubts about the East India Company's intentions. They thought, here was an attempt to defile the feelings of the Hindu and Muslim sepoys, as the use of grease offended the feelings of both groups.



The rumour that had erupted in Calcutta soon spread to other areas. The discontentment reached a flash point when the sepoys of Berhampur refused to accept the cartridges given to them. The Company authorities decided to disband the regiment as a warning to the others.

On March 29, 1857, the sepoys of Barrackpore were a disgruntled lot when their pleadings fell on deaf ears. They went to bed uncertain of what their fate would be the next morning.

Mangal Pandey, who had been known as a dutiful and efficient sepoy, shook himself out of a sleepless night, ran out of the barracks and shouted for the other sepoys to come out in revolt. But before they could understand what the shouting was all about, Sergeant-Major Hughson rushed upon Mangal Pandey. The sepoy was double quick in shooting down the English officer. Another officer sprang on him and wounded him with his sword. While thus incapacitated, Mangal Pandey was captured.

As was the procedure, he was produced before a court-martial which ordered his execution. His fellow-

sepoy did not consider him a criminal. To them, he was a martyr in the cause of his religion.

Thus the seed of a revolt—it was officially called a mutiny—had been sowed. One of the early leaders who took up the cause, Peshwa Nana Saheb, told his followers: "Mangal Pandey was brave and noble. His weakness was, he acted rather hastily. I hear his spirit exhorting me, asking me to act in defence of my faith, to free my land from the clutches of the foreigners. We can achieve our aim only if we rise collectively, here, there, everywhere."

There were others to raise their voice against foreign rule, like Lakshmibai, the Rani of Jhansi, Tatya Tope, Babu Kunwar Singh, and the Mughal Emperor, Bahadur Shah Zafar. They all sacrificed their lives and the people have enshrined them in their hearts as martyrs.

The Mutiny had its repercussions. The East India Company was dissolved, and the British Crown took over direct administration of the country. However, the struggle for freedom from foreign rule continued for the next 90 years till India attained Independence in 1947.

**Your magazine joins the
countrymen as they
observe the
150th anniversary of the
May-June
uprising of 1857.**



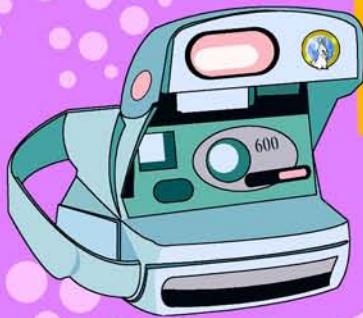


Photo Caption CONTEST

*Can you write a caption in a few words,
to suit these pictures related to each other?*

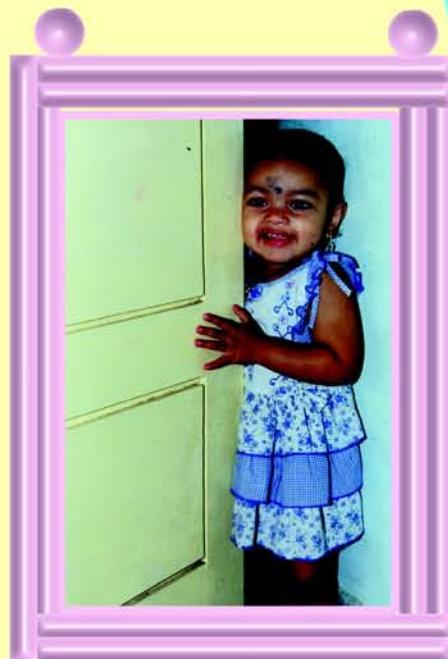
You may write it
on a post card
marking it:

**Photo Caption Contest,
CHANDAMAMA**

and mail it to reach us before
the 20th of the current month.



KALANIKETAN BALU



MAHANTESH C. MORABAD

Congratulations!

April 2006 Lucky Winner:

R. DIPAK

724 Bharathiar Street
Ashok Nagar, Lawspet
Pondicherry 605 008



WINNING ENTRY

**"LOVELY TWO"
"LOVELY TOO"**

The best entry will
receive a Prize of Rs.100
and it will also be published
in the issue after the next.
Please write your address
legibly and add
PIN code.

**CHANDAMAMA ENGLISH
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION**

Within India Rs. 180/- by surface mail

Payment in favour of

CHANDAMAMA INDIA LIMITED

No. 82 Defence Officers Colony

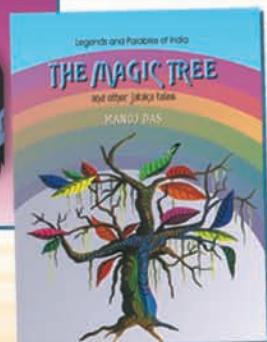
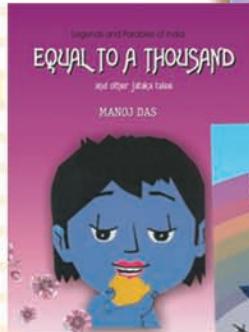
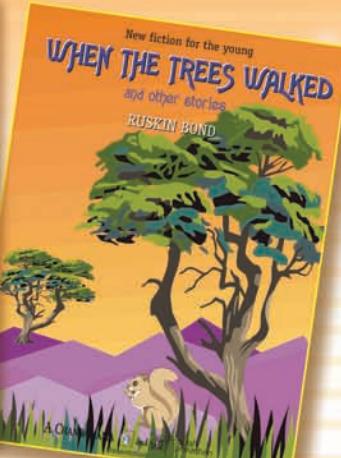
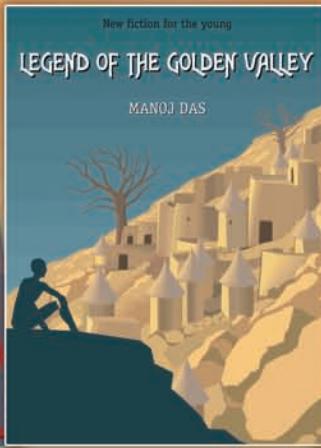
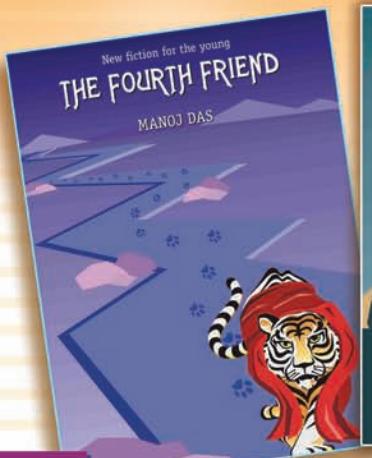
Ekkatuthangal,

Chennai - 600 097.

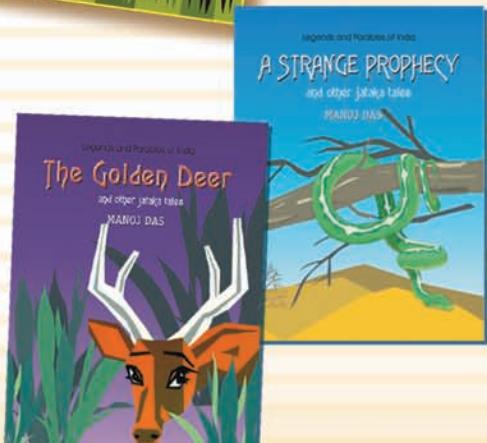
BEST GIFT FOR YOUR DEAR AND NEAR ONES

THREE EXCITING BOOKS FROM
TWO RENOWNED WRITERS FOR CHILDREN

MANOJ DAS AND RUSKIN BOND



Also four books of
**LEGENDS AND
PARABLES OF
INDIA**
from
CHANDAMAMA



India is a land of stories, rich in legends, parables and myths

Chandamama has enriched many generations of young minds with these stories. The spiritual subtext and moral lessons in these delightful stories continue to fascinate and mould young Indian minds.

Popular Prakashan has co-published these stories to educate, entertain and inspire the growing generation.

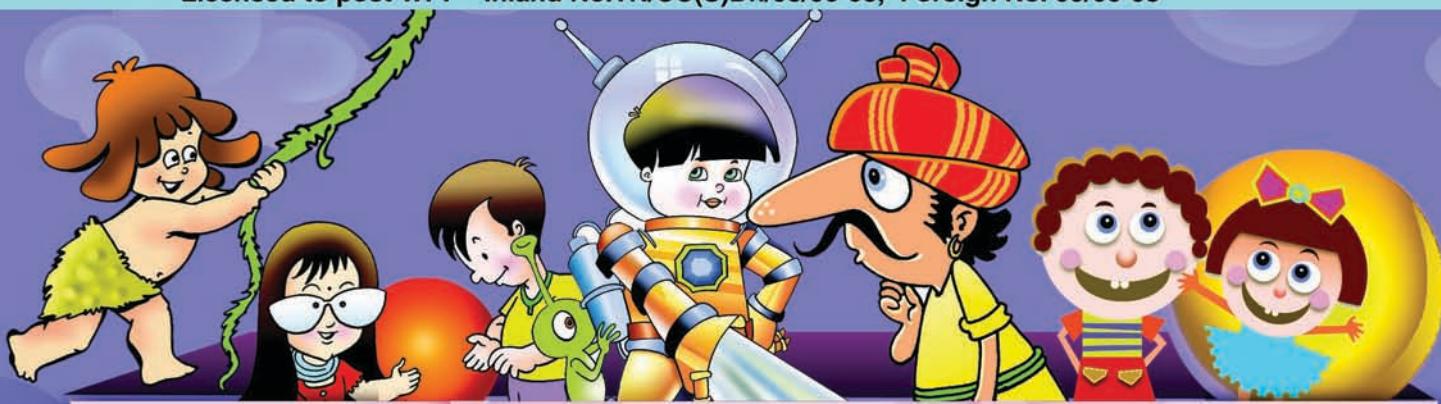
CHANDAMAMA



Popular
prakashan

FOR FURTHER ENQUIRIES CONTACT :

**CHANDAMAMA INDIA LTD., 82, DEFENCE OFFICERS COLONY,
CHENNAI - 600 097.**



WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO MEET THIS MOTELY CROWD?

INDU and CHANDU who are travel bugs, found in Assam one month and Andhra Pradesh in the next.

BHOLA who is confused with everything, whether it is about his family or farm-house.

MINTOO whose mates include rhinos and hippos, otters and frogs.

NAUGHTY BALOO who never misses a chance to get into a scrape.

MUNNA whose world consists of flowers and feline creatures.

ASTRO ARIA who prefers to travel into space.

GOOBA who can be called a wordsmith.

NUTTY who plays with numbers.

And the one and only BHEEM BOY.



Where can
we meet them?
C'mon quick!



Where else
but in Junior
Chandamama!

JUNIOR CHANDAMAMA

THE ONE-STOP COMPLETE FUN AND ACTIVITY MAGAZINE

**NOW AVAILABLE
AT YOUR NEAREST
NEWS STAND FOR
RS.15 PER COPY**

For Further Details write to :

CHANDAMAMA INDIA LTD.,
82, Defence Officer's Colony,
Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097.

PAY ONLY
RS.150

FOR ANNUAL
SUBSCRIPTION
AND SAVE
RS.30

